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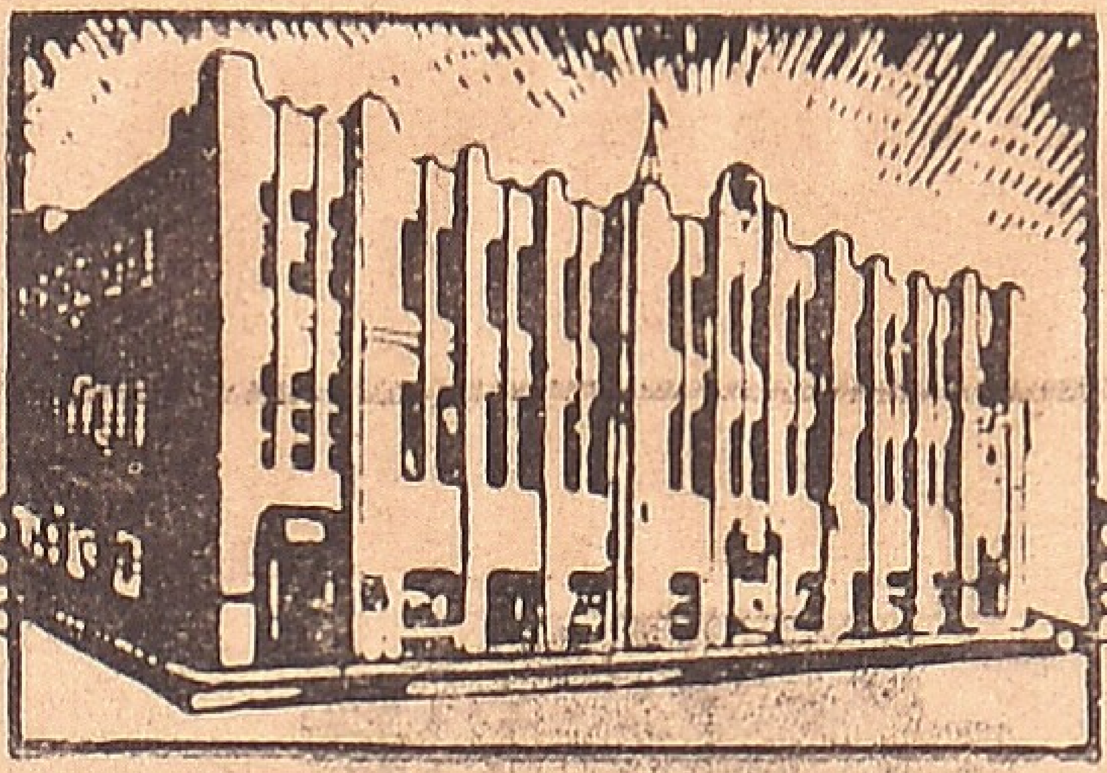

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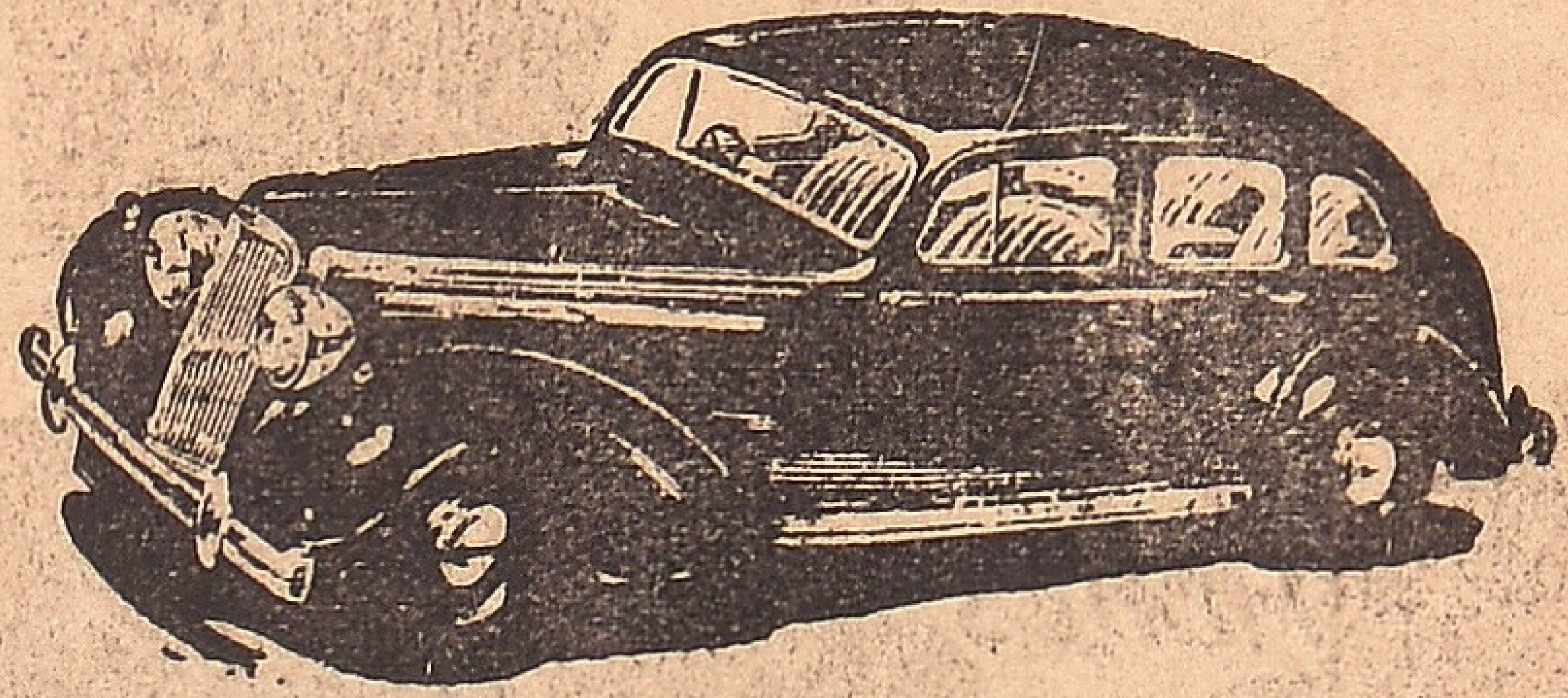

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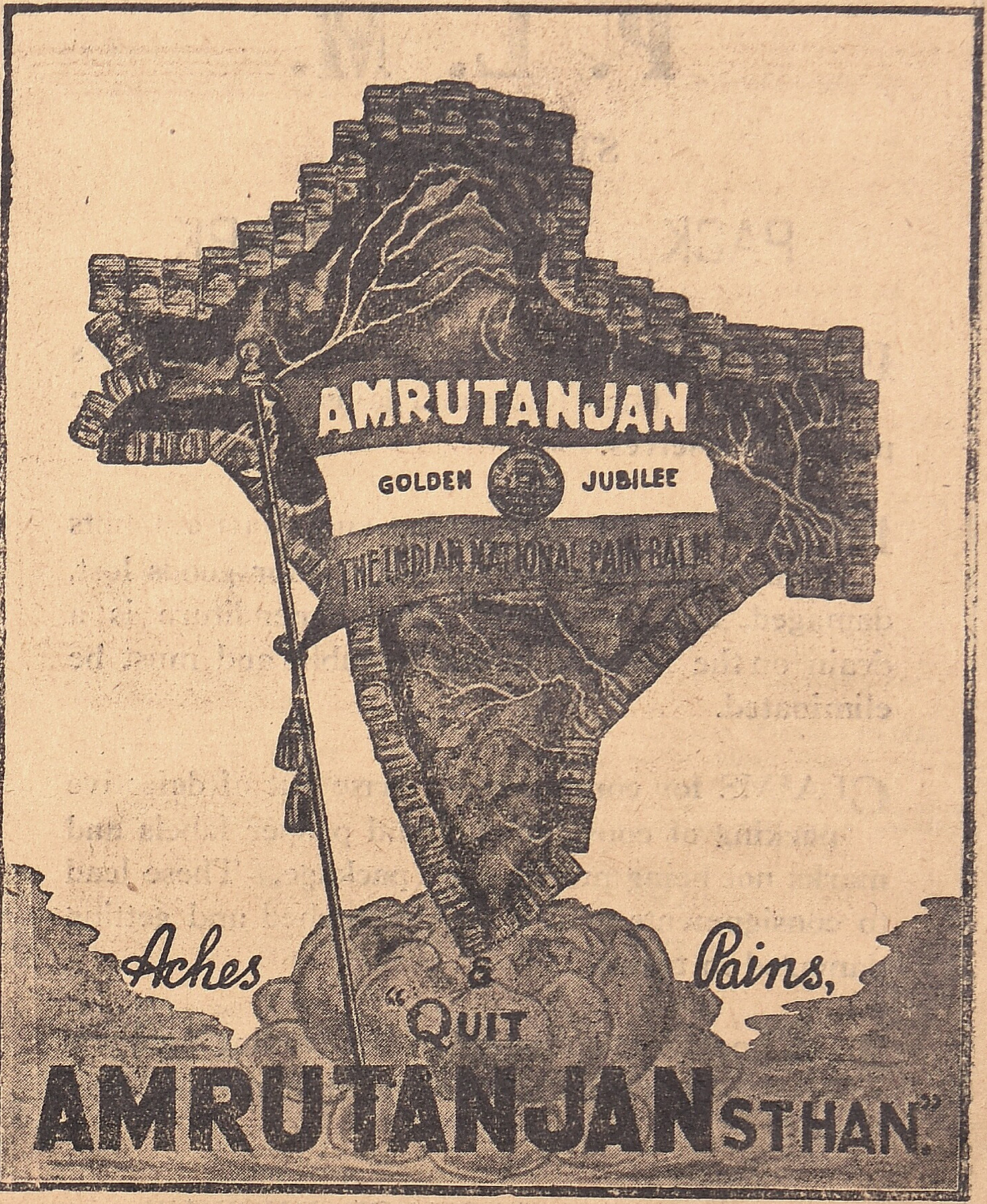

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1950.

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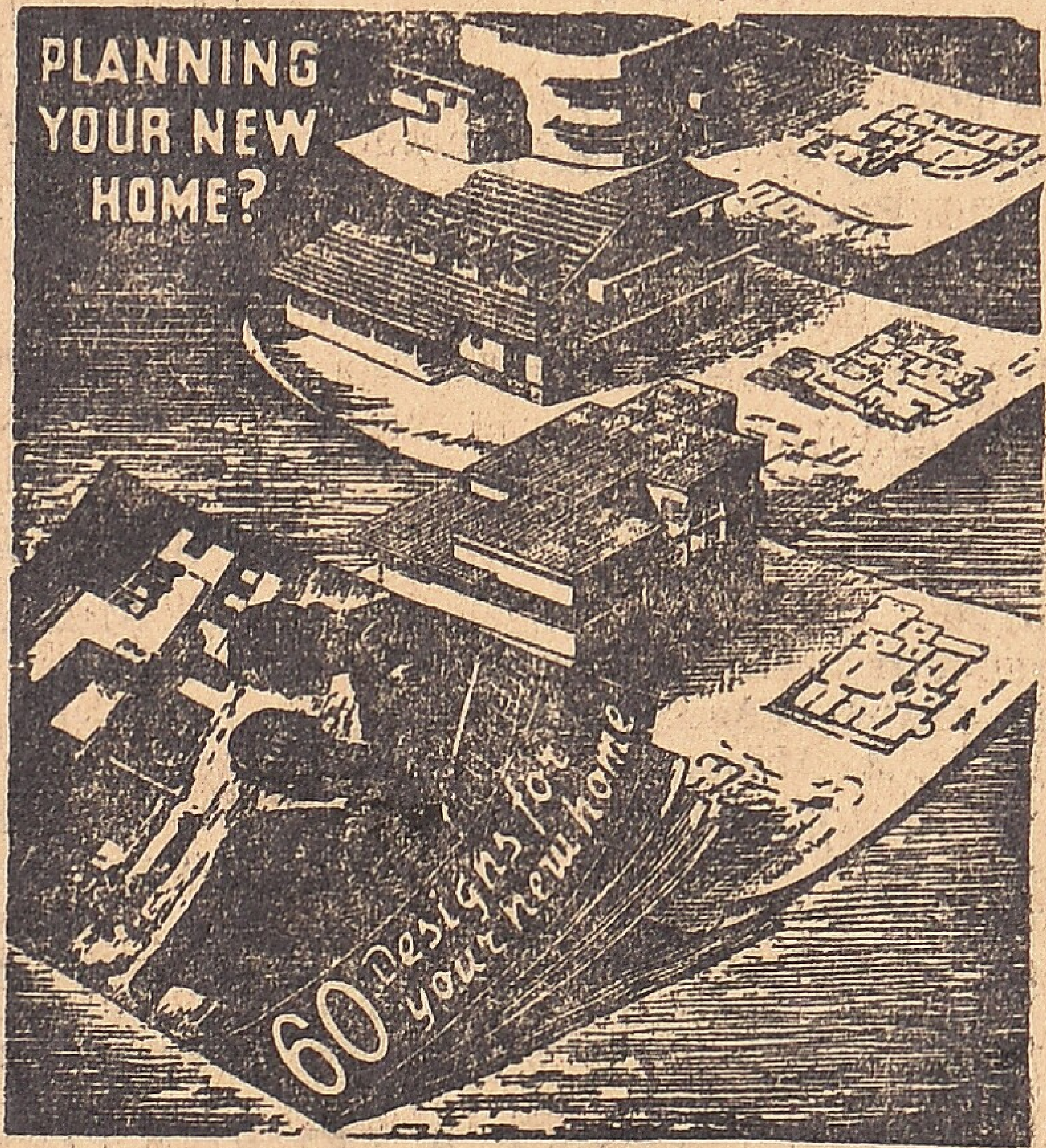

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GOVERNMENT AND THE PRESS

IN the course of his exposition of Government's food policy to pressmen, Mr. M. Thirumal Rao made a challenging declaration at the expense of *The Mail*. He called upon that paper to be constructive. "If *The Mail* is capable of making constructive suggestions," he said, "Government are always prepared to consider them." By constructive suggestions the deputy minister apparently means positive programmes devised to solve problems and deal with grievances. He is not alone in calling upon the press to be constructive and not destructive in this sense. Again and again Congress leaders in office, cornered by charges of failure of duty, have sought refuge in challenges to the press to show them how to do better. It is a wholly erroneous conception of the purpose of the press to expect it to help Government in this manner. The press has not, as Governments have, executive officers with vast powers. It is not an alternative competitor for taking charge of the administration. Moreover it lives by disclosures. Its duty is to disclose the facts it gathers and make them public property, so that the public opinion thereby created may have its effect on Governments and impel them to act as desired. Governments, on the other hand, are interested in keeping back information from public knowledge to save themselves the inconvenience of public disapproval. All too frequently in the legislature, when searching questions on some grave evil are asked, we hear spokesmen of the Government evade and parry and declare that it is not in the public interest to answer them. It only means that the Government have done something or failed to do something of which the disclosure is not in their own interest. The play on public interest is an illusion which ministers cultivate to throw a veil over reality when the reality is discreditable to them, and one of the aims of the press is to tear the illusion and reveal the reality sought to be hidden. There is an unending battle between the Government's anxiety to be secretive and the race for publicity which is the duty of the press. The two functions are entirely dissimilar and often contradictory, and to perform its duties with independence and utmost public advantage, the press can ill afford to enter into alliances with Government to limit its publicity to suit the political or administrative interests of the party in power.

A classic contest arose in England between the Government and the press as to the proper relationship between the two by the middle of the 19th century. It was in Lord Derby's time. He was provoked by a comment on his regime in *The Times* which he felt to be destructive, and lectured the paper sternly on its language. "As in these days the English press aspires to share the influence of statesmen," he said, "so also must it share the responsibilities of statesmen." Next morning *The Thunderer* came out with a reply to Lord Derby's doctrine which has not been surpassed in all the century that has elapsed since then for its clarity and

precision in laying down the principles which should guide newspapers in their dealings with Governments.

The Times denied absolutely that the power of the press is in any way to be compared with the power of Governments, and said: "We cannot admit that its purpose is to share the labours of statesmanship, or that it is bound by the same limitations, the same duties, the same liabilities as that of ministers. The purpose and duties of the two powers are constantly separate, generally independent, sometimes diametrically opposite. The dignity and the freedom of the press are trammelled from the moment it accepts an ancillary position.... The duty of the journalist is the same as that of the historian—to seek out the truth, above all things, and to present to his readers not such things as statecraft would wish them to know but the truth as near as he can attain it."

Elaborating its point further in another editorial *The Times* wrote: "The ends which a really patriotic and enlightened journal should have in view are, we conceive, absolutely identical with the ends of an enlightened and patriotic minister, but the means by which they work are essentially and widely different. The statesman in opposition must speak as one prepared to take office; the statesman in office must speak as one prepared to act. They are necessarily not so much seekers after truth as after expediency. The press on the other hand has no practical function; it works out the ends it has in view by argument and discussion alone, and being perfectly unconnected with administrative or executive duties may, and must, roam at will over topics which men of political action dare not touch."

The great safety valve of democracy is an independent press bold to unearth the dubious bargains of politicians in power, and do its duty of laying bare all the facts it can obtain before the public to enable the public to judge the Government. It is true that great industrial enterprises have sprung up, primarily interested in profits, and with a keen eye on the commercial advantages of ministerial favour. These belong to trade and not to journalism, though the mantle of journalism is spread ostentatiously over their adventures. Not the least of the struggles of the conscientious section of the press with a sense of the dignity of the vocation of journalism, is against its perverted and powerful elements, merchants of publicity wares, operating in devious alliances with amateurish ministers, boosting and lionising them, covering up their follies and pretending to a co-partnership in statecraft to save the administration.

Madras Corporation's 1950 Compendium

THE activities of the Madras Corporation are certainly not as well known to the citizens as they should be. The *Compendium* for 1950, just published, serves to dispel an unworthy ignorance. It is now accepted that municipal administration extends to many fields of human endeavour. The *Compendium* demonstrates that, if the Madras Corporation is unable to discharge its responsibilities to the full in these diversified fields, it is because of lack of finance. Many cartoons, conceived with telling effect, complain of what is apparently regarded as niggardliness on the part of the Government. But the latter, with reason, ascribe it to their own difficult financial position. The position is, thus, unsatisfactory.

Nevertheless, citizens of Madras can satisfy themselves that their Corporation has been able to serve them within the limits of the money available. As the Mayor points out, the problem is a difficult one, what with the increase in the population needing to be provided with amenities, the scarcity of essential commodities, and the enormously high cost of living. It is, therefore, a measure of the success of the Corporation that,

contending as it does with these handicaps, it does administer the city's services in no unsatisfactory manner. It justly takes pride in its health centre at "Ashok Vihar," which has been modelled on the Peckham experiment in Britain.

The *Compendium* has been excellently produced. Numerous cartoons and drawings enliven its pages. The pictorial method of providing facts is obviously interesting and easy to follow. Credit for this venture belongs to the Commissioner and the Chief Accounts Officer, Mr. S. Satyamurthi. The latter indeed has discharged his task most notably. He has arranged to clothe the necessary but dull facts of administration in the bright colours of pictures.

The Madras Corporation, which has always led similar institutions in the rest of India, can now justly pride itself on this *Compendium*. It is to be hoped that the publication will be made an annual one.

Sotto Voce

A FAREWELL TO POLITENESS

THE New Diplomacy has made a fine art of bad manners. When Kaiser Wilhelm telegraphed his congratulations to the Boer rebels he was merely quitting scores with Imperial Uncle Ned. But it almost succeeded in sending Europe dithering down the abyss of war. Fifty years later and after two world wars have been fought the Governor of New York insults invited guests with all the crudeness of a fishwife and Mr. Vyshinsky and friend merely stage a walk-out. A hundred years ago the protagonists would have fought a duel and honour would have been avenged in a gentlemanly way. And even to day the proletariat in their pubs settle such disputes with their fists.

* * *

If the Russians did not roll up their sleeves on the spot, it may be that they were deterred by good breeding. More likely, they were caught unprepared. For, while they have given ample evidence in international gatherings that they can be quite primitive in expressing their displeasure they may have subconsciously assumed that Anglo-Saxons would be bound by their own code. But a code of manners is like a magician's bundle of tricks; it crumbles at the first touch of unbelief. With the eruption of Soviet Russia into world politics the Age of Chivalry was as dead as the Dodo.

* * *

I would not have you go away with the idea that the Bolsheviks are boors. Their diplomats are not only the most astute but the most urbane in the world. I am told that their French is as exquisite as their nail polish and their clothes would do credit to Savile Row. None except the All Highest in the Kremlin may affect the neo-pastoral fashion of the peasant smock. But unlike the finished products of the Foreign Office they discovered early that it paid to be rude in a spectacular way. The glassy-eyed superciliousness of the career diplomat was not developed to deal with such systematised bad manners. It is as powerless as the beating of tomtoms

and the burning of flares to halt a tank.

* * *

Not the least of the triumphs of the Bolshevik strategy is that it has found the Achilles' heel of European decorum. In the classic age of colonial Imperialism the Viceroy of India and the Chief Khama were alike "our Royal Cousin," in the courtly language of the Crown. And even a declaration of war was conveyed with all the formal politeness of an invitation to dinner. After all they *were* cousins who formed the Concert of Europe; or they were chattels that belonged to the cousins. It was Russia that for the first time not only declined to join the guild. It actually put out its tongue at the masons and their mystic rites.

* * *

How effectively it broke the spell may be seen from the fact that violence of language has become endemic not only at Lake Success but also in every democratic Parliament. Those who prided themselves on their tight-lipped self-control are now as free with abusive epithets as the most blatantly vulgar—or uninhibited—of the parvenus raised to the dignity of nationhood. If the good Communist flings at the fellow-traveller the taunt of "deviationist treachery" as casually as if he were accusing him of eating with his fingers, the bourgeoisie are not less prolific in the language of insult against the "enemies of society." And the politically immature appropriate this small change of revilement as clever children absorb the swear words of drunken parents.

* * *

To our Socialists every dissentient is a "blood-sucker." To Mr. Nehru's inflamed imagination the Hindu revivalist presents as gruesome a spectacle as the horned devil did to the devout churchman. With such respectable precedents it is hardly to be wondered at that the social scum which parades its Self-respect in poisonous vulgarism should be shocked at the discovery that the law can strike back. You may not slander a man with impunity in the name of freedom of speech, says the Constitution. But if you are not allowed to slander a whole community the sacred rights of democracy are outraged, shout these pseudo-democrats.

* * *

Long ago the economist Veblen said rather grumpily, "A breach of faith may be condoned but a breach of decorum cannot." He was having a dig at the way symbols and pantomine had come to acquire a significance as of intrinsic worth under the conventions of a polite society. But even he might have been appalled if he had lived to hear his countryman Thomas Dewey gloating over the angry exit of insulted guests from the dinner-table; why in the name of common sense did Mr. Dewey invite them, knowing that they were "plotting the destruction of the world"? In a world of angry adolescents a breach of decorum may be as destructive as the hydrogen bomb.

VIGHNESWARA

CAMERA TO PHOTOGRAPH INTERIOR OF EYE

A high-speed camera for photographing the interior of the eye is now being used by the medical profession in the United States. Developed after two years of research, it photographs, in colour or in black and white, the microscopic structures within the eye.

Photographs with the camera reveal such eye ailments as abnormal condition of blood vessels, location and extent of hemorrhages, pigmentation, and extent of cupping of the nerve head. The last is important in diagnosing and treating glaucoma, which causes 12 percent of all blindness in the United States today.

The photographs also aid in diagnosing certain diseases such as arteriosclerosis, diabetes, hypertension, nephritis, and tumors of the central nervous system, which are indicated by changes in the retina of the eye long before clinical symptoms appear.

Photographs by the eye camera may be enlarged several times or projected onto a screen. These aid surgeons in studying pictures taken before and after operations, or they can be used as visual aids in teaching medical and optometry students.

The only camera of its kind, it was designed by the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company of Rochester, in the state of New York.—USIS.

NEW DELHI DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD

RAJAJI spilled the beans by openly admitting what everybody knew all along. But no Congress leader of any eminence has hitherto dared to speak of the differences between the two great leaders. The extent to which Panditji is guided by Rajaji is revealed by the conversation between Nehru and G. Ramachandran which was published in one section of the Indian Press. A leading article has since appeared in the *Hindustan Times*, which fairly represents the views of Rajaji. He wants the Prime Minister to join the Congress Working Committee, and has told him that it would not be right for the Pandit to keep out of the supreme body of the Congress.

The only important issue which admitted of controversy was the machinery for choosing candidates for the constituencies at the next General Elections. On this, the Prime Minister had certain proposals to make, which are calculated to take away the control of the election machinery from Sardar Patel and transfer them to himself. This suggestion was drafted in the form of a resolution by Hare Krishna Mahatab and placed in Pandit Nehru's hands for further drafting, but it seems never to have been seriously discussed by the Congress Working Committee.

To say that India is secular, that the aim is to make India a Welfare State, that the Congress should abolish zamindaris and the rest of it is merely to repeat all the old slogans of the Congress. Why these matters should have been made an issue passeth all understanding. Shankarrao Deo had tried to make out that he was the only candidate for the Presidentship who stood as a Congressman, whereas he suggested that Tandon and Kripalani were non-Congressmen aspiring for the honour. Panditji similarly made it appear that he was the only man who held fast to Congress principles, while everybody else was dead-set against them. The truth is that there were hardly any principles involved in the Congress except those of truth and non-violence. And these two were violated indiscriminately because of the impossible nature of these ideals. Not only that. If a Congressman—or any Indian for that matter—was discovered telling lies, he came forward with the explanation that he was not a Gandhi. This, he thought—and everybody else agreed with him—was enough justification for telling that which is not.

* * *

Rajaji is a diplomat who can avoid untruth-telling. But he can tell the truth in diplomatic language. Thomas Dewey, I suppose, is also regarded as a diplomat. But what he said and did last week was neither diplomatic nor perhaps even truthful. At a dinner to which the Soviet delegates were also invited, he began to attack the Soviets for forced labour and the like. If the charge is correct, why should he have invited the Soviet delegation to dinner at all? Or was it that he came to be convinced of the existence of forced labour in the Soviet Union halfway through that dinner? Insulting a man whom you have invited to dinner is the meanest thing on earth. I don't know how common this practice is in America—since it seems to be quite popular even at the highest level—but the very idea itself is most revolting to the Indian mind.

Speaking of dinners and lunches, someone told me that Chief Justice Douglas of the U. S. Supreme Court was present at the lunch which the President gave soon after the credentials were presented by the Chinese Ambassador. If this is correct, I think it was rather undiplomatic of us to have done so. The etiquette at such functions is to confine the meal to the Ambassador and officials of his Embassy, and their wives, and to some officials of the External Affairs Minis-

try and their wives. America had not recognised China, and the inclusion of Chief Justice Douglas is therefore highly intriguing. It is not good for the judge either; for judges are not supposed to get involved in political matters. Mr. Douglas was extremely correct when questions were put to him on Persia at a small conference with pressmen that afternoon. He made it clear that he did not wish to say anything of a political nature. Mr. Douglas, of course, created a great impression on us. It was no fault of his that he was invited for lunch that day. It is quite likely that he was mistaken by our distinguished guests from China as a British Adviser to the President. We are ourselves responsible for such impressions getting around: we should be more careful about our protocol.

* * *

I was happy to find that the Garhwalis residing in the capital have decided to cast off their slavery in the near future. There can be nothing more degrading than the position of a domestic servant. This is the slavery of modern times. Most domestic servants are made to work for sixteen hours a day, and seven days a week. The treatment meted out to them is not always human. Any person who ever engaged a domestic servant would agree with William Morris that no man is good enough to be another man's master.

An average middle class American household does not have a domestic servant. The utmost that the housewife can expect by way of help is the service of a charwoman twice a week for an hour on each occasion. An American friend told me that his wife was his cook, his dhobi, his butler and his chauffeur—in addition to being his wife! And what a cook! Only a few chefs in the best restaurants of the world could surpass her in the culinary art. Such is their self-reliance. Such too is their democratic approach. We must have a different servant for each of these activities—one for washing clothes, another for driving our car, and yet another to cook our food, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. No wonder we mistake the wife too for a servant!

This state of affairs has become possible because of the great poverty and unemployment of the overwhelmingly large majority of the population in this land of ours. There is very little productive employment going. A few people are therefore in a position to commandeer the services of their fellow-men and women at ridiculously cheap prices and under absurdly inhuman conditions. Conditions in the kitchen for cooking food can be made very pleasant, but since a servant does the cooking, nobody bothers about it. Where the wife herself cooks the food, things are no better: because the kitchen is really the room in which the wife is imprisoned! Take the commonest everyday activity of sweeping the floor. Rooms are invariably swept by a broom which is about two feet long. This involves the housewife or the servant bending low to sweep the floor. This could be easily avoided by providing her with a broom that is attached to a long wooden handle. The floor can then be swept in a standing position. Similarly with cooking. In many households, the cook (or wife) has to assume a bending position while preparing the food because the fire is not more than a foot above the ground. And she becomes permanent prey to lumbago.

When a large number of domestic servants simply disappear—as the Garhwali Federation promises they will—we are bound to think furiously and devise elementary means to lighten the burden of our womenfolk, including, I suppose, lending a hand in washing the dishes. A recent Indian visitor to Australia expressed great admiration for Australian life, because the men over there do not regard dish-washing as *infra dig*.

* * *

The Acting High Commissioner for Australia in India, Mr. Stewart, is one of the most remarkable diplomats I have ever met. I guess the only other young diplomat in the Commonwealth who has proved equally eminent is Mr. Frank Roberts—who too, by a strange coincidence, has just acted as High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in India. Mr. Stewart has a profound sense of history. He quotes Toynbee as I quote Bernard Shaw.

Mr. Stewart is definitely the coming man in the Australian Foreign Service. I am looking forward to his book of history, which he says he might write some day.

MAJORITY VOTE—NOT A TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRACY

"THE resolution was passed," "The resolution was passed by an overwhelming majority," "The resolution was passed amidst general applause," or "The resolution was thrown out."

We are familiar with such phrases which occur in all reports of democratic functions—all the way from United Nations General Assembly to a school boys debate!

But the mere statement of a resolution having been passed or rejected need not embody the whole truth. Majorities do not always mean the triumph of democracy! It is always advisable and, sometimes, edifying to analyse the voting.

FOUR FOR COMMUNALISM, 117 FOR CAPITALISM!

Take, for instance, the resolutions passed at the recent session of the Congress at Nasik. We all know that *all* the resolutions placed before the delegates by the working committee were duly passed. And most of us are content to leave it at that, at most mildly commenting on the docility displayed by the rank-and-file Congressmen in rubber-stamping the leaders' *diktat*, or marvelling at the remarkable personal prestige of Pandit Nehru which ensured the unqualified ratification of his government's policies. But—and it is a significant BUT—though all the resolutions were passed, all of them were not passed by the same majorities. It is revealing, indeed, to look behind the actual voting figures.

When, for instance, the resolution (moved by Pandit Nehru in a vehement and fighting speech) endorsing the Indo-Pak agreement and condemning communalism was put to vote, only four hands went up in opposition, though many had expected several hundreds to vote against it. It was a complete personal triumph for the Prime Minister.

But the same sweeping, nearly—unanimous majority was not accorded to another important resolution—the one on the economic programme which, according to Mr. Jagjivan Ram who moved it, sought to remove "exploitation of man by man." While the bulk of the resolution, being a repetition of the familiar platitudes, was acceptable to *all* the delegates, the only operative part of it—regarding controls and planned economy—provoked a heated debate and the only division of the session.

The upholders of De-control and capitalistic doctrine of "free enterprise" almost got one of their amendments (favouring De-control) passed and even when the official group brought back the absentee members, the division was sharp enough. As many as 117 members, all Congressmen, voted against controls and (by obvious implication) for unfettered capitalism.

They dared not defy Pandit Nehru's stand on secularism, but they did defy him on this economic issue. Also significant is the fact that while Pandit Nehru made a frontal attack on communalism, and swept the house by his impassioned threat to resign, he did not speak equally strongly on the issue of controls and, therefore, did not make this resolution a personal issue of his honour.

Both the resolutions were passed—but an analysis of the voting has its own tale to tell.

335 MAJORITY, 1259 MINORITY?

Now, let's switch over from Nasik to Lake Success where India's resolution recommending the admission of Peoples' Republic of China was defeated by 29 votes to 16. A very big adverse majority, indeed! But let's see how it looks on a closer examination and analysis.

Azad Qalam by K. A. Abbas

Let's see first what this voting meant in terms of the number of the people represented by each of the votes.

For India's Resolution: Afghanistan (12 millions), Burma (17 millions), Den-

mark (4 millions), India (350 millions), Czechoslovakia (2 millions), Israel (one million), Netherlands (10 millions), Norway (3 millions), Pakistan (70 millions), Poland (24 millions), Sweden (7 millions), Soviet Union including Ukraine and White Russia (200 millions), United Kingdom (50 millions), and Yugoslavia (16 millions). To which may be also be added the 500 millions of the still unrepresented Peoples' Republic of China.

Against India's resolution: Australia (7 millions), Belgium (8 millions), Bolivia (4 millions), Brazil (48 millions), Chile (6 millions), China (Nil—since Chiang and his men in U. N. O. represent not even the people of Formosa), Columbia (10 millions), Costa Rica (One million), Cuba (5 millions), Dominican Republic (2 millions), El Salvador (2 millions), Ethiopia (7 millions), Greece (7 millions), Haiti (3 millions), Honduras (one million), Iceland 132,750), Iran (17 millions), Iraq (5 millions), Liberia (2 millions), Luxembourg (281,572), Mexico (24 millions), New Zealand (2 millions), Nicaragua (one million), Panama (681,519), Paraguay (one million), Peru (7 millions), Philippines (20 millions), Turkey (19 millions), South Africa (2 millions—i.e. without the disenfranchised coloured population of eleven millions), United States of America (136 millions), Uruguay (2 millions) and Venezuela (4 millions). Total—355 millions.

Analyse the 29 votes which have barred the entry of the legitimate representatives of 500 million people of China and you find that most of them are either semi-colonial economic and political appendages and satellites of U. S. A. (e.g. Brazil, Chile, Columbia, Costa Rica, Dominican Republic, El Salvador, Haiti, Honduras, Iceland, Liberia, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Philippines, Uruguay and Venezuela), or obliged and subservient to Washington because of economic and military aid (e.g. Belgium, Greece, Iran, Iraq, and Turkey).

A rich country, like a rich man, can always muster a crowd of hangers-on.

But is this democracy that is being practised at Lake Success?

Patriotism, it was once said, is the last refuge of a scoundrel. "Democracy," it now appears, is the last refuge of imperialists!

HITLER IS NOT DEAD

One of the main sources of Hitler's power was the corruption and the dehumanization of youthful minds which were filled with fanaticism and hate and hysteria by Nazi teachers and leaders of Hitler Youth.

That evil process, it appears, is now going on in South Africa—the neo-Nazi country to which we are tied by the golden "crown link" of the British Commonwealth.

According to a Johannesburg message, "Hennie Botha, a 12-year old school boy, seriously ill in a Transvaal hospital, has refused for two days to eat any food *because it was prepared by an Indian cook.*"

This is the White man's superior "civilisation" in action, the civilisation that adopted such contemptuously superior attitudes to the Indians because of our indigenous evil of untouchability—an evil which we have relentlessly fought and very nearly eradicated!

We refuse to believe that White South African children, by birth, are such arrogant racial maniacs as to prefer to starve rather than eat food by an Indian.

But there is no doubt that the evil of racialism is being sedulously propagated and insidiously injected into youthful minds in South Africa.

If proof were needed, the same report adds that the hunger-striking boy "was rewarded for his anti-Indian stand by receiving the first special gold medal to be awarded by 'South African Protection Society,' a group dedicated to 'show the country how to deal with Indians'."

This society, with its self-confessed evil aims, we are further informed, includes many clergymen and school teachers. One expects that if Christ returned to the earth, these ministers of His Church will refuse him entry into their homes and will teach their little boys not to eat out of his hands—for, according to the racial laws of the South African *Herrenvolk*, Christ belonged to an inferior race. One can also imagine what kind of perversion of education these teachers must be imparting to the children in their care.

What have the U. N. O. and the UNESCO to say about this revival of Hitlerian madness? And how long is our Government going to tolerate such beastly treatment being meted out to Indian nationals in other parts of the Commonwealth of which we are supposed to be free and equal members. It is quite clear that, consistent with national self-respect, India cannot be a member of the same association of nations as South Africa!

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"WASHINGTON: In an effort to increase the number of men available for service, the U. S. Army has decided to take (even) toothless draftees ....The Army expects to have enough dentists to fit the draftees with false teeth if they need them."

"NEW YORK: The "Big Three" Foreign Ministers and Defence Ministers discussed secretly American proposals for re-arming the Germans and using them in the unified Western European Defence force."

"TORONTO: Sir Frank Whittle, British Scientist and inventor of the jet engine, said that he feared Britain might not survive a third world war and urged immediate mass migration from the British isles to the Commonwealth.

"LONDON: Fifty-two United States warships are in the Mediterranean area—largest concentration of American sea-power assembled there since World War II."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA:

"NASIK: Moving the resolution on communalism, Pandit Nehru said, "I am, ashamed at the way this question has been looked at by Congressmen of late....this tendency has greatly pained me. I cannot raise my head before the world because of the narrow parochial tendencies that have crept into the Congress."....

Mr. Shri Ram Sharma (Punjab) wanted an amendment to say that "reactionary forces continue to exist in the services and even in the Congress."

Mr. Satyapal (Punjab) said that many Congressmen called themselves nationalists but were communalists to the core. The Congress was guilty of tolerating such Congressmen and even giving them high office. In fact these people had created an atmosphere which made people say that there was "no great difference between the Congress and the Hindu Mahasabha or the R. S. S."

"NASIK: Prime Minister Nehru, addressing students, declared that the Congress is alive and kicking, it is the mightiest political organisation in the country and there is no other organisation which can take its place."

THE CASE AGAINST MORE THEATRES

By N. V. ESWAR

THE cry for more and more theatres is becoming hoarse day by day. There is absolutely no basis for this cry. Apart from the question whether India really is in need of more and more theatres, there is the other important question whether there has not been a pronounced increase in the construction of theatres in India during the last few years. Simply because the Indian Government have imposed a ban on the release of building materials for the specific purpose of constructing theatres, theatres have not remained unbuilt. On the other hand, a great number of theatres have been built during the last few years. During the hectic war years and immediately after, Calcutta alone saw the construction of nearly 20 new *de luxe* theatres. In mofussil towns new theatres have sprang up like mushrooms, as the anxiety to cover up black market money increased in feverish proportions.

Instances of a small town, which cannot afford to have even one permanent cinema running profitably, having two or three luxurious thea-

tres, are not rare. I have travelled extensively in the interior of India and seen most of these theatres myself.

Here are some to stagger your imagination. A survey was conducted by the U. S. Department of Commerce in June 1949, covering theatre construction the world over. The U. S. report emphasised the fact that India of all countries in the world showed the greatest percentage of increase in theatre construction. In 1947, India, including undivided Pakistan, had 1605 permanent theatres. Of this figure 352 theatres went to Pakistan on partition. Which means India had the basic figure of 1253 theatres on the eve of partition. Since then in the course of barely two years, the number of theatres in India alone has gone up to 2,200, or an increase of approximately 1,000 theatres—an increase of nearly 100%.

Almost every day, I hear of a new theatre opening here or there. Any casual reader of newspapers can feel a new theatre coming up every day, if only he reads the advertisements on the opening of new theatres in the mofussil. I am personally receiving invitations for the opening ceremony of at least six theatres in the course of a month. Madras alone has four new theatres under construction, apart from the four which opened during last year. This should indicate that nothing really stands in the way of theatre construction, Government ban and all included. Neither implied ban of the Government nor any other factor has brought about an abatement in theatre construction. It goes ahead at a great pace.

During the last few months it has become clear that India does not have enough pictures to keep the theatres going. Most of the theatres in the cities themselves are practically picking out films from the rubbish heap and showing them at theatres whose seats are occupied mainly by bugs! Cases of exhibitors getting barely Rs. 30 a day on a Tamil, Telugu or Hindi picture, who take to foreign features and serial distributors, are multiplying almost every day. Purely Indian picture houses are showing a medley of pictures, including German and Russian films, merely because they hope they might be able to stand on their legs somehow. In South India alone there are some 700 touring cinemas. Their operation costs are far less than those of the permanent theatres. Even here, barely 150 touring cinemas are in active operation. Governmental restrictions are adduced as principal reason for this inactivity. But aside from these is the question as to who can give pictures for them? I have had experience of touring cinema owners running to Madras just to secure one Tamil or Telugu picture. Picture shortage is acute and real.

Even in cities purse strings are being tightened. The conditions prevailing in mofussil areas are worse. Touring cinemas do not pay. To make them a paying proposition, every touring cinema has to change pictures at least twice a week. Where to go for a succession of pictures? This would account for nearly 500 touring cinemas remaining idle in the South alone.

When India cannot feed the 2,200 theatres and the 900 or so touring cinemas with pictures regularly, without the theatres having to run frequently to foreign picture distributors for help and aid, it is ridiculous to increase the number of theatres concertedly, apart from the natural increase that is already taking place.

India produces about 253 pictures a year. Perhaps we may hope to do some 300 pictures in the coming years. When the current production of 253 pictures cannot take care of 2,200 theatres, one can well imagine how it would be possible to cover any phenomenal increase in theatres with 300 pictures a year. Foreign picture distributors regularly import a little over 400 pictures every year to cover a maximum of 600 theatres. When 400 pictures are required to cover 600 theatres, statistically speaking, India should have nearly 1,700 pictures produced every year to cover the present number of theatres alone. Considering that English pictures normally take 30% of the playing time of a good Indian picture, India still would require some 500 pictures to feed the present 2,200 theatres. So the absurdity of crying for more and more theatres, when film production is just about half the normal requirements, becomes all the more patent.

PASSENGER FARES ON INDIAN RAILWAYS

By H. RANGACHAR

IN a recent public lecture in Madras, Dr. Norman Gold, Chief of the Division of Economic Studies, ECAFE, is reported to have suggested an increase in railway passenger fares as a means of finding more revenue for Government and of making some additional capital available for industrial development in the country. He stated that Indian railway fares had gone up by only 30% and felt that there was room for further increase. This subject requires careful consideration.

The 30% enhancement referred to is not the over-all increase in fares since pre-war years but represents only the effect of the latest of the upward revisions in the period. The bases of fares were revised with effect from 1st Jan. 1948 and this has resulted in the average charges per passenger per mile going up by 30%, over the rates then prevalent. As has been observed by the Railway Board in their Report for 1948-49, "the increase would have been greater but for the diversion of passengers into lower classes in consequence of changes in the classification of passenger accommodation with effect from 1st Jan. 1949". With the abolition of this classification and the restoration of old classes since effected, the increase will now be higher than 30%.

Since the pre-war year 1939, the fares on our railways have gone up by about 45%, as a result of increases from time to time. The following statement shows the average rates charged per passenger per mile in 1939 and 1949:

Class	1938-39	1948-49
Total; all classes	3.16 pies	4.6 pies
Third class	2.97 „	4.2 „

Thus the fares have in recent years gone up by 45% and not only by 30%.

An idea of the effects of increases in fares may better be obtained from the comparative figures of passenger traffic and earnings during these years. Percentage-wise, the number of passengers in 1948-49 has increased over that of 1938-39 by more than 120% and the passenger miles by over 105% while earnings have gone up by 170%. In 1948-49, the passengers contributed a gross revenue of 92.91 crores of rupees to the railways of the Republic against 30.73 crores to the railways of undivided India.

In the U. S. A. the passenger fares have increased since 1939 by only 26% for the whole country.

The contribution of passengers to railway revenues has increased very substantially in India and is on a scale higher than that in many other countries. It should be emphasized that this increase has been without any addition to amenities or any corresponding increase in accommodation.

Apart from the extent of increase, the question for consideration now is whether any enhancement of fares is at present economically expedient or justifiable. Several facts have to be taken into consideration in an examination of this question.

Ninety seven per cent of the passenger traffic on Indian railways is of the third class and only 3% of other classes. Of the latter, an increase in 1st class fares will weight the scales in favour of air transport and lead to further diminution in this traffic which, as it is, hardly pays. As experience has shown, an increase of 2nd class fares will result in substantial diversion of traffic to cheaper classes. Increased revenue from enhancement of fares will have therefore to be almost entirely derived from 3rd class passengers.

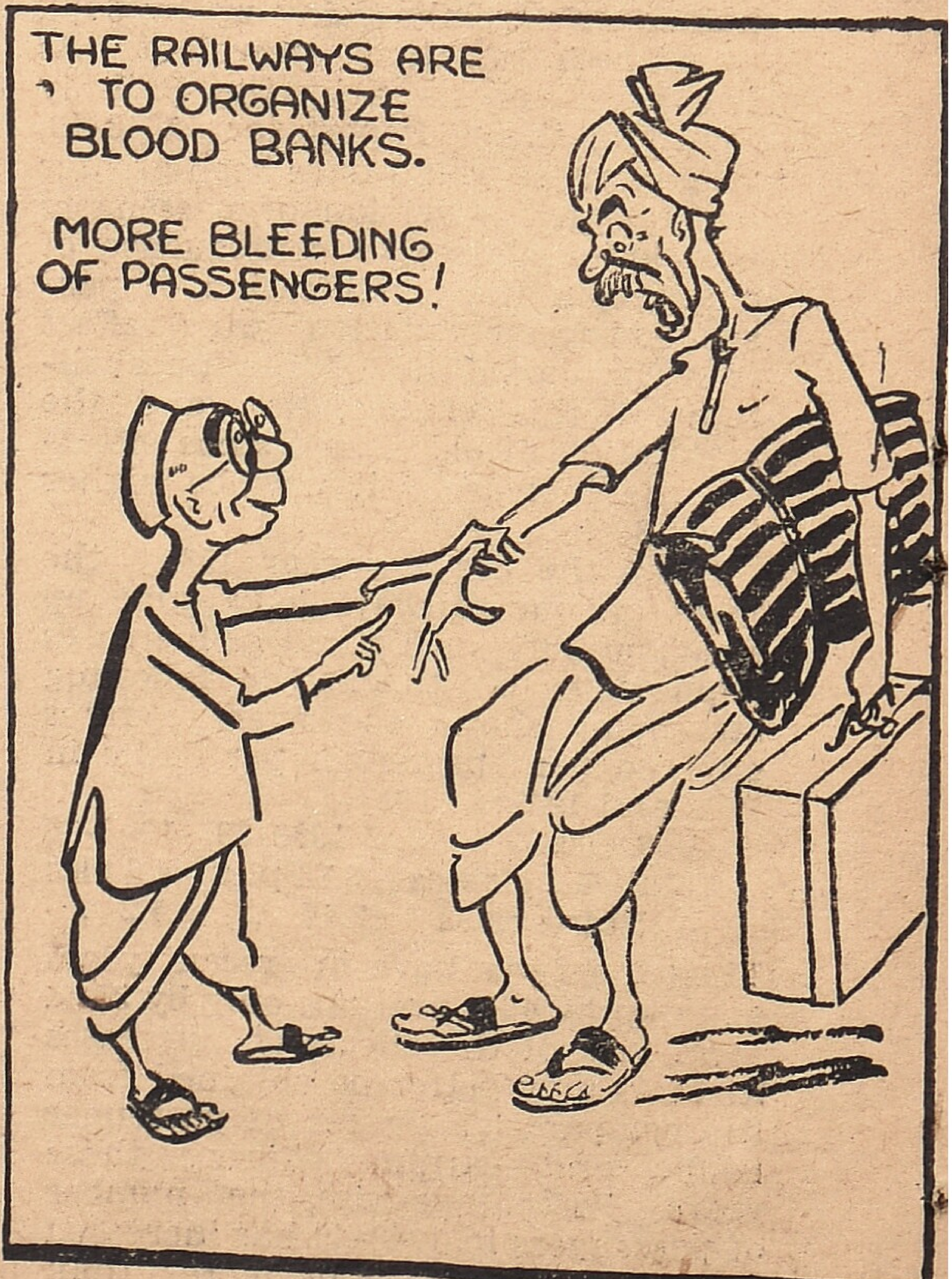
Is this class of passengers economically in a position to pay more for travel? The per capita income in India at present is estimated at Rs. 150 to 160 per annum. While in terms of money this income has increased by about 140%, the cost of living indices record a rise of over 300% since 1938-39. Thus the persons from whom more revenue has to be got are in a much worse position than ever before and are hardly able to afford the increased cost of travel. An increase in railway rates is all-pervasive and will therefore stimulate the already high and acute infla-

tionary pressure, especially as luxury travel in this class of passengers is negligible. The great necessity now is to arrest the ever going-up spiral of prices in the interests of the economic stability of the country. An increase in fares at the present juncture will adversely affect to some extent the efforts of the Government to reduce price levels and will worsen the economic conditions.

To a question from a member of the audience whether an increase in fares will not lead to a reduction in traffic and consequently in earnings, Dr. Gold is reported to have replied that an examination of statistics showed that this will not be the case. There is much in the present trends of traffic and statistics to support the view of Dr. Gold. As already stated, the increase would affect almost entirely the 3rd class passengers in whose case unnecessary or luxury travel is negligible. Theirs is "necessity travel" which has to be performed even with increased fares. There is therefore no probability in the present conditions of such a fall in the volume of traffic as would offset the effects of an increase in fares. This however is a short-term view of the matter.

As against this, there are other factors which have to be reckoned with. A large percentage of traffic in India consists of short-distance passengers, the average distance a passenger is hauled on Indian railways being of the order of 32 miles. There is at present a slight margin in fares in favour of railways, compared to motor transport with its advantages of door to door travel and other conveniences which particularly count in short-distance traffic. An increase in fares will curtail this margin. Due to the present conditions and the scarcity of petrol, motor transport is operating under grave disadvantages and is restricted. With the abolition of rationing throughout the country in sight and the consequent availability of petrol, motor transport may reasonably be expected to develop in the near future and make serious inroads on railway traffic. Even without the increase in fares, the railways will have to lose some of the existing traffic; the enhanced fares will accentuate this and lead to a larger diversion of traffic from railways to the roads. When this stage is reached, as it would be in the near future, higher fares may drive traffic to the roads to such an extent as to lead to a reduction in earnings.

The facts given above show that fares in India have already been increased by 45%, at a scale higher than in many countries. The incidence of any upward revision will be on the 3rd class passengers whose economic position is much worse than in prewar years and who are thus least able to bear it. The increase will further stimulate the high inflationary pressure and have to some extent adverse repercussions on price levels and the efforts of the Government to control them. While the increase may as a short-term measure bring in some additional revenue, it is sure to have the effect of diverting traffic to motors and of eventually decreasing the railway earnings. In view of these considerations, an increase in railway passenger fares does not seem to be economically expedient or justifiable.



—Courtesy: *Shankar's Weekly.*

GANDHIJI: APOSTLE OF NON-VIOLENCE & TRUTH

By KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

HERBERT SPENCER in the 19th and Oswald Spengler in the 20th have written of human societies as social organisms in the following terms: "A civilization is born at the moment when out of the primitive psychic conditions of a perpetually infantile (raw) humanity, a mighty soul awakes and extricates itself; a form out of the formless, a bounded and transitory existence out of the the boundless and persistent. This soul comes to flower on the soil of a country with precise boundaries.... so there have arisen privileged souls who have felt themselves related to all souls and who, instead of remaining within the limits of their group and keeping to the restricted solidarity which has been established by nature, have addressed themselves to humanity in general in an elan of love." The new specific character of the rare and superhuman soul that breaks the vicious circle of primitive human social life and generates the work of creation may be described as a creative personality. It is through the inward development of personality that certain individual human beings are able to perform those creative acts in the outward field of action, that cause the growth of human societies. These individuals who get going the process of growth in the societies to which they belong, seem more than mere men, for they seem to be able to work what look like miracles. The forward movement of civilization is largely wrought by the dynamics of such creative personalities, who act as a leaven. For the creative personality is impelled to transfigure his fellowmen into fellow creators by recasting them in his own image. The very fact that the growth of civilization is the work of creative individuals carries the implication that the uncreative majority would be left behind unless these pioneers contrived to carry the more slow moving rearguard along with them in their eager advance. In fact the act of creation itself is performed by the genius and leader by expressing himself, like every living soul, through action upon his fellows and thereby enabling the more dormant and the less creative to perform an evolution for which they lacked original initiative.

Reaction Of Society

This social situation however presents its own dangerous dilemmas. For should the creative genius fail to bring about in his milieu the content and reaction he has achieved in himself, his very status may become the source of deadly peril to him. For there will always be a mass or section that will fail to respond to the new stimulants and will refuse to fit into a scene which has become transformed. They must necessarily react violently and break the harmony of the new order which is being established in tune with the leader's transfigured self and masterful creative will. For the deeper the changes wrought the more vehement the antagonism that is likely to be roused. For the dynamics of genius comes with disturbing thrust. The problem might have been simple if there were to be a uniform response to the iconoclastic mutations set up by the crusading leader. For though he may be a man of love, peace and harmony, breaking the "cake of custom" is not a tame affair and is bound to set up turbulent currents. As Christ is purported to have said: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father and the daughter against her mother and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law. *And a man's foes shall be they of his own household.*"

Need Of A Creative Leader

In a growing civilization the creative leader is called upon to reply to a challenge with a victorious response but in a disintegrating civilization he is called upon to be more than a triumphant leader—he is required to become a kind of a saviour. For a declining civilization is one in which the creative minority has been worst-

ed and ceased to function as the creative spring. It is for the leader to convert the rout into a fresh advance.

Gandhiji—The Saviour

Normally the picture of a saviour is that of a man with a sword. Yet there came a saviour who said "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." With this verdict he commanded his disciples to unsheath the sword and thereby broke away from the conventional pattern of action and made a tremendous new departure. One such personality was Gandhiji. He was born in a disintegrated society which is just the opposite of a vital living civilization. For in the latter, every challenge calls for the vigorous and triumphant response, which proceeds to generate another and a different challenge, which meets with another successful response thus moving from triumph to triumph. Whereas in a declining civilization, it fails to meet the challenge, which means a stalemate that is cessation of growth, and which unless a quick recovery is made, will mean a series of relapses ending in complete break-down as has been the fate of so many civilizations.

It was at such a phase of our civilization that Gandhiji arose to stimulate into motion the responses which had become atrophied. But first he asked his would-be followers to unsheath their swords. On the terrific momentum of his own inner strength, he impelled this vast community to move forward galvanising it into unprecedented creative action. That momentum gathered force until the armed might of a vast military force had to fall back in retreat and ultimately quit.

Hostile Elements

Nevertheless many, alas, remained untouched, their souls too atrophied to be revived, their minds too sunk in the groove to move into active flow. We have seen that growth is the work of creative personalities and that they cannot go on moving forward themselves unless they can contrive to carry their fellowmen with them in their advance. But the general apathy of the large body of mankind cannot be fired en masse to be transformed and raised to the plane where the leader functions. Moreover even when they are fired the nature of people is so inconstant, that while they may be persuaded into a certain mode of thought and action at a given moment it is hard to make them hold on to that persuasion. When persuasion fails to retain them in that mould, the leader is faced with the alternative of substituting the piper's pipe of allurement by the whip of compulsion. The leader may now make his fellow comrades his followers and henchmen, by bringing into play the primitive and universal faculty of force. Instead of the music of the pipe there is now only the shrill strident note of the army commandant. But Gandhiji who did not believe in the cult of force, who respected human intelligence too much to cage it and held human personality too sacred to be degraded, would not resort to any kind of social drill, in other words to mechanisation of human life and movement. A saviour of the type of Gandhiji refuses to infect himself with hypnotism and induce it in others, to thus purchase docility in his following at the disastrous price of loss of initiative in the men around him. Rather he immolates himself on the altar of his faith to carry conviction. The common source of disharmony is the introduction and generation of new forces, attitudes and ideas which the existing social frame-work in its dilapidated condition is unable to carry. Nor was it designed for these new currents. It is the old simile of old wine in new bottles. In truth the advent of new dynamic forces ought to be accompanied by a reconstruction of the whole existing set up, for in a vital and growing society such natural and spontaneous adjustments are taking shape all the time, thus creating new and harmonious channels for the welfare of society. But such adjustments do not take place at all times and everywhere. Sometimes the old structures, not being keyed up to take in the new load, manifest a baneful performance, resulting in the social enormities which a diehard institution engenders. In other words individuals rigidly set in these conventional patterns cannot or will not move to meet new situations, new challenges. The result is clash and ultimate disintegration. So long as a civilization is growing, its inspiring cultural influence continues to permeate the entire community and exercise a mellowing influence. Thus qualities such

as human understanding, large-heartedness, tolerance have opportunity for play. But when a stalemate sets in the charm ceases to act and those who had resisted the influence and persisted in remaining outside its pale, grow hostile and become violent, and may ultimately come to establish a military frontier—what then of the leaders?

Freedom And After

Until Gandhiji brought the ship safely to the shores of freedom he was the captain. Then came the question of creating the rulers to run the State. The reins naturally passed into the hands of those trusted round him. *To them the task of creation ceased to be.* They fell upon the job of handling power. In their flurry and haste, they began to pour the new wine into old bottles. The hard lessons learnt over many decades were forgotten. No new forms were moulded to take in the new content. Forgotten the famous saying of Jesus: "No man putteth a piece of new cloth into an old garment, for that which is put in to fill up taketh from the garment and the rent is made worse. Neither do men put new wine into old bottles; else the bottle breaks and the wine runneth out and the bottles perish; but they put new wine into new bottles and both are preserved."

The Two Trends

The underlying force of a schism in society is really the schism in the souls of the human beings; and in a society where the leadership ceases to be creative, each single line of thought and action is bound to split into mutually antipathic variations which ultimately seem to polarise the choice before each into passivity or violence, abandoning the path of creation. The sphere of choice becomes more narrow and rigid and the divergence more intense as time goes on. Passivity leads to abandon and drift that is a loss of the exhilaration of growth. This has become the chief characteristic of our national life today. The other trend is archaism or revivalism. This is an attempt to break away from an irksome present by taking a leap into the past, that is to give a slip to an intolerable present by reconstructing an earlier phase which seems full of glory and triumph. On such an archaic tidal wave, the deadly die-hard element seeks to ride to power and throw the pall of sterility over the entire country. At the moment when the dominant leadership has become sterile in striving to maintain the status quo, and the large mass has slipped into passivity, the day seems to be with the revivalists. They are moved by an almost fatal faith in determinism as Hitler was, which can rouse men to any frenzy. They seized their chance when in the chaos of the partition they murdered the creative genius Gandhiji who naturally was the deadliest and the most natural enemy of revivalism. Ever since, they have been moving from vantage to vantage, victory to victory for the creative genius of the people burns low and dim.

October 2.

October 2 tries once again to remind us of the abandoned mission of mankind, to live as vital human beings, not primitive barbarians nor let ourselves be driven as dry autumn leaves in the global winds. Gandhiji once taught us how to live as proud and noble human beings. He cut the path to freedom and self-respect. We can still attain that humanhood and march along the road to fulfilment and joy, if we give the creative urge within us full play to build new ideas, new social structures and new ways of living.—*Copyright. N. P. S.*

RICE SOWING BY AIR

For the first time in Australia rice will be sown by aircraft this season at Wakool, an irrigation area in south western New South Wales. A private aircraft company which has already had experience in the dusting and spraying of crops from the air, will carry out the experiment on behalf of the State Department of Agriculture. The experimental area will be 50 acres, half of which will be sown with pre-germinated seed and the other half with ordinary seed.

Rice growing is among Australia's younger primary industries, and is already heavily mechanised, with mechanical planters and harvesters in use. Home consumption of rice in Australia is severely rationed to enable the great bulk of the crop to be sent to Pacific and South-East Asian countries.

MAHATMA GANDHI: THE APOSTLE & ARCHITECT

By P. N. SAMPATH

THE troublous twentieth century, which has produced two major wars with several minor ones to boot, and which has seen the discovery of the devastating atom bomb and the apocalyptic hydrogen bomb still taking shape in the arsenals of the nations of the world, parodoxically enough, also contained a Mahatma Gandhi. Mahatma Gandhi lived the better part of his life in this century though he was not born in it. His great life has been the highlight of this century. He has gone, bequeathing to the nation the legacy of his apostolic labours; leaving his prophetic words to be its living oracles; pouring forth his blood to be the seed of a thousand martyrdoms.

Mahatma Gandhi was a combination of great qualities, both of head and heart. In his ideas of Ahimsa and conquest through Love, he resembled Buddha. His idea of the flagellation of the flesh through purgatory fasts, we find in the ways of Mahavira, the great Jaina. Political unity was his burning passion as much as it was to Abraham Lincoln. In his insistence on religious tolerance, his idea of the fundamental unity of all religions, and his conviction that India had a great future only as a secular state, he reminds us of Emperor Akbar. "Return good for evil," he preached, as Lord Jesus Christ had preached before him. Fate has a mania for repetition; his martyrdom has brought back memories of Christ's crucifixion. Gandhi's nationalism was of the same calibre as that of George Washington; of Garibaldi; Cavour, Mustafa Kemal and Dr. Sun Yat Sun. He had the meekness of Moses, the bravery of Guru Gobind Singh, the lofty wisdom of Socrates and the self-respect of David.

The two powers, which in the opinion of Epictetus, constituted a "wise man," are those of "bearing" and "forbearing." Mahatma Gandhi was wise accordingly. There cannot be virtue without strong will power. The weak "know the right, and yet the wrong pursue." Not only did the Mahatma have a strong will, but he also wanted his followers to be strong-willed on the side of Truth and Non-violence.

When he first came into the arena of Indian politics, the Indian National Congress was not at all a live force. It was he who gave it both verve and nerve. Through all the darkling forest of governmental repression and the resultant chaos, there ran a gleaming Ariadne's thread, viz., the will of Gandhiji. Under him the Congress functioned as one unit. His magnetic personality attracted followers in lakhs and lakhs. At his call, many plunged headlong into the movement, reckoning neither cost nor consequence. As such, we can call him the Orpheus of Indian politics.

Fe founded a new religion in politics. His technique of non-violent non-co-operation through Satyagraha, was his contribution to politics. The greatest imperialist power in the world—the British, have had to "quit" India unconditionally, at his bidding. The whole world gaped in mute astonishment at the great potency of the Gandhian technique. While he was Britain's greatest friend, imperialism knew no more inveterate enemy. Thus, he obtained our country's freedom all on his own, backed by a steady following.

As Morley said of Gladstone, "he lighted up the prose of politics with a ray from the diviner mind, and exalted his ephemeral discourse into a sort of visible relation with the counsels of all time."

Gandhiji was a unique man of action. His deeds always followed his words as night followed the day. The famous American correspondent Edgar Snow said of him: "You may not agree with a lot of things about Gandhi, but no one could deny the honesty of his convictions, nor his fighting courage in defence of them. And these are qualities of his greatness."

His ideas of love, non-violence and truth, though mainly social in character, were oecumenical in scope. He

belonged to the pulpit as much as he belonged to the forum. He had a cosmological outlook; the good of mankind was his goal. Creeds could not limit him. He was like the wind 'that bloweth where it listeth.'

There is no board of admittance to rule on his sainthood; the testimony of his life simply proclaims it. He revealed his soul in the articulate speech of an earnest, pure and truthful life, and this is a language which the profoundest must admire, while the simplest can appreciate. He was essentially a saint both in the burthen of utterance and in personal habits. His simplicity was truly Spartan. His manner of life was the most favourable that could have been devised for longevity. And he wanted to live longer.

His wisdom was practical and prophetic—remedial for the present, warning for the future. He lives in his example, in the deep-engraved lines of public gratitude and in the respect and homage of mankind. He was the most fragrant flower of Indian culture.

He was desirous of inculcating sound morality and attention to the courtesies and charities of life. He had a remarkably firm grasp of his whole doctrine in its widest bearings. He had a message for his folly-smitten fellow-men. His life was yet another proof of India's spiritual eminence. Civilisation had blossomed in India ere its rudiments had begun to sprout in the Western countries. When people were in the cave-dwelling stage in the West, our countrymen were in an Elysium of spiritual enquiry. Similarly now, when they are toying with the all-destroying atom bomb, thanks to our Mahatmaji, we have discovered a force which has a higher potency and a decisive divinity about it. If there is to be a decent way out of the present international impasse, it can only be through the Gandhian way.

Gandhiji was a great lover of India and Hinduism. Even in the langour of convalescence after his last fast, he devoted his time to the future programme and set-up of the Congress organisation. He warred against untouchability and religious sectarianism, only to root out injustice and to make Hinduism stronger and more lasting. To the Harijans he was a saviour and redeemer. His life was one incessant exertion on their behalf. He hated communalism as thoroughly as he hated untruth and chicanery. To him, pacifism was more than a code of conduct; it was a mode of life. He saw clearly that the various communities could not live on in perpetual enmity. His unity front was no theatrical make-believe, but a practical truth and necessity. His was not just fastidious hyper-criticism. He showed by his own example, the enormous chemical value of love and sympathy in neutralising the acid of hard feelings.

To him calamity seldom complained without obtaining solace and instant relief. His heart went out to the post-partition unfortunates. Communalists in India were chilled by the frost of his bloodless philosophy. They harboured secret resentment. This overhanging Democles' sword fell on the Mahatma with cataclysmic suddenness. He went to his death in the full heyday of his power, just when his magic spell was working well.

During his political career, he was many a time attacked and scurrilously lampooned by his opponents. But all these dropped impotent like the javelin of Priam. They neither provoked him to petulance nor depressed him to complaint. His opponents were unable to understand the rationale behind his policies.

Mahatma Gandhi was the sum and aggregate of gentlemanliness and a great stickler for politeness. Many Westerners who met him were astonished at his culture and manners. His mind, like that of all truly great men, was open to conviction. There was always a glint of humour in his face, with a soupcon of a smile lighting it every now and then. His wallet of good humour was inexhaustible. He loved wit, but not at the expense of wisdom.

He was always on time; you could set your watch by him, so to say. His speech was peculiarly simple and laconic. His famous prayer-meetings were the daily rendezvous for religion, morality and politics.

His opinions were conveyed in a style remarkable for its succinctness and perspicuity. His handling of the columns of the "Harijan" paper has been an object lesson to aspiring journalists. He has covered all the topics under the sun in his speeches

and his writings. His sayings have already become proverbs.

An epic in himself for future historians, a hero readymade for the hagiographers, a father unto his nation, a world leader of stupendous moral stature, Mahatma Gandhi has left an indelible mark on mankind. Let us hope that Gandhism would spread throughout the world as widely as Christianity had spread after the death of Christ. His ideas have already obtained wide adhesion and recognition, if not as yet universal application.

May Gandhism save the world!

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: If you are an average American male you stand 5-feet 9 inches tall, you weigh about 165 pounds and aren't worried about your weight. You wear glasses, help with the dishes but hate to cook, and consider yourself more courageous than your wife but not as thrifty.

If you are a typical American woman you are five feet four, you tip the scales at about 135 while fervently wishing you could take a couple of inches off the hips. You think a woman's life is harder than a man's and you quite emphatically don't agree that men, the blustering bullies, are the more courageous sex.

Those are a few of the scores of facts which a poll has amassed in its own census of the American people.

Besides its regular work of sounding out U. S. opinion on national issues, the American Institute of Public Opinion has gathered information about the everyday habits, the quirks, mannerisms, physical characteristics, likes, dislikes, etc., of homo Americanus—the sort of thing the United States Census Bureau does not cover.

For example:

Have you ever had your tonsils out?

Only one-third of American adults have. The proportion is a little higher among young adults under 30, but even in that group only 40 per cent have ever had a tonsillectomy.

One adult in every five has had his appendix out.

One-third of Americans complain that their feet hurt, most from corns, fallen arches, or bunions. One woman in three and one man in five suffer from backaches.

Victims of hay fever amount to 10 per cent of the adult population or something like 9,500,000 people, while twice as many say they have rheumatism. One in seven Americans has neuritis, one in 20 complains of asthma.

One-fifth say they have trouble with their hearing.

The biggest diet deficiency of the American people is that they don't eat enough citrus fruits and enough raw greens (what some rebellious husbands call "grass"). They are supposed to eat some every day, health experts rule, but only a little more than half live up to the rule.

About two-thirds of the population have a cold or grippe in winter, and even in July one person in every 20 has a cold.

Despite all these ills and ailments, Americans are not a nation of hypochondriacs. Most people—more than six in every ten—say their health is good, and about six out of ten say they would like to live to be 100.

Knowledge about the nation's No. 2 killer, cancer, is growing.

But whereas doctors advise an annual physical examination to keep in good health, about 28,000,000 Americans have not been to a doctor within two years, and approximately 30,000,000 have avoided the dentist for four years or more.

The typical family's medical and dental bills come to about $100 a year at present.

Only one woman in ten is a blond or claims she's one.

The brunettes outnumber the blondes by 7-1.

Four out of every ten have brown eyes, one-third blue, and the rest hazel, green or black.

One tenth of the population is in a class with baseball pitchers Tommy Byrne and Ed Lopat—lefthanded.

The average American considers his own chief fault to be that he is too hot tempered, combative, aggressive. Resolutions "to curb my temper" are common.

Short Story

THE TWO SONS

By P. CHIU

AT the time when Yu Chung was the emperor of the Miang dynasty, there was a governor of the Hupeh province named Ma Lum. He was famous for his bravery. Although he was old still he was very strong. Ma Shi Foon was the name of his only son and his daughter was called Ma Fong Ting. He was not a bad officer but yet the people of that province disliked him very much. It was because he devoted all his energy to the duties of his position and neglected to look after his family affairs. His son Shi Foon then became a lawless man. Moreover, Ma Lum did not punish his son even when he had done something wrong to others, as he was too busy attending to other matters. His daughter Ma Fong Ting was however very good. She always advised her brother not to do evil deeds though he refused to listen to her.

One day Ma Shi Foon felt too lonely at home and he went to have a walk in the country accompanied by a group of his friends. When they arrived at a place famous for its scenery, called the Tortoise Mountain, which was a very lonely place, they dined in a restaurant situated by the river. As they were enjoying themselves drinking there came an old fisherman shouting in a loud voice that he had a strange fish for sale. He carried a small wooden barrel and in this there was a fish.

Ma Shi Foon told the fisherman to come to him and show him the fish. The fish was indeed very wonderful. It had two heads and a double tail and was of a golden colour, and looked very remarkable when it was swimming in the water. Ma Shi Foon liked it very much as he asked about the price.

"What is the price of this funny little thing?" he asked.

"Five taels of silver," the fisherman answered, "and that is the definite price."

"You must be crazy," said Ma Shi Foon. "Why do you ask such a high price for a small fish?"

"A strange fish must have a strange price," was the answer. "You see, this is not a common thing. Though I am so old, I have never before seen a strange fish like that. Pay me now if you want to buy the fish, or return it to me."

But Ma Shi Foon would neither pay him nor return him the fish. He only ordered the old man to go away. The fisherman was in a great rage. He rushed towards him and wished to take back the fish. But instead of succeeding he was knocked down to the ground by his customer. Besides that, all his friends were told to strike him until the poor old man was badly injured and cried aloud for help. As the place was deserted and most of the people were afraid of the power of Ma Shi Foon and his father, nobody dared to give him a helping hand.

Yet, there was one youth who came at last to stop the inhuman action of the governor's son. He was the son of the magistrate of that place and his name was Tin Yuk Tsuen. He had learnt a great deal of boxing, but as his manner was gentle nobody knew that he was a strong boxer. On that day he was taking a walk on the Tortoise Mountain and saw the trouble between the fisherman and the cruel Ma Shi Foon. Seeing the poor old man in such distress he stopped the cruel treatment that they were giving to him. This made them turn their rage against him. Instead of beating the fisherman, they all raised their hands against the young man. Then, for self-defence, he gave them very severe punishment, as he was able to do through his skill in boxing. At last, all of them suffered serious injuries, especially the son of the governor. They then ran away hurriedly from him.

Among them, one of the friends of Ma Shi Foon told him that he recog-

nised the young man as the son of the magistrate. It happened also they met a high officer of that district on their way. So they told him about the matter and asked him to give an order to the people and soldiers of that place not to let the young man escape.

After they were all gone, Tin Yuk Tsuen tended the old fisherman and brought him to his own boat. He told Wu Kin, the son of the fisherman, who was twelve years of age, all about the matter, and bade him take great care of the old man as he was very weak. But the old fisherman was so badly hurt that he died not long after Tin left his boat.

Knowing that he had done a serious thing by giving the son of the governor a bad beating Tin tried to go away from the place, but in vain, because by that time all the people knew about the matter and there were also many soldiers watching every path. Having thought over it for a long while, he saw that there was nothing to do but to return to the fisherman's boat and ask the boy to take him away. To this the small boy Wu Kin agreed. They escaped from that place safely at last. As they were going to part, the small boy said to him: "My father is dead now. I hope you will find a plan for me to avenge him, and as I am an orphan now, I hope also that you will point out to me some way of living."

"Do not trouble about that," replied Tin Yuk Tsuen. "You may go to the magistrate's yamen and tell the magistrate everything, as he is my father. I think he can certainly do something for you. For my part, I shall not return home for the time being as I am sure that the son of the governor will be unable to stay in the world as I have injured him so seriously. Please tell my father to be careful in dealing with the governor and not to be anxious about me, as I shall see him again one day."

So saying he went away.

The son of the governor, Ma Shi Foon, did in reality die as soon as he arrived home. Before he died he told his father that the man who killed him was the son of the magistrate, and asked him to take revenge for him. Seeing that his only son was dead, the governor was very angry and sad. He at once took a great troop of soldiers to the magistrate's yamen to arrest the son of the magistrate, but they did not find him even though they searched all over the yamen and the magistrate's private house.

"Where is your son, Tin Yuk Tsuen?" he asked angrily. "He killed my son today on the Tortoise Mountains. Tell him to come and see me at once, otherwise I shall arrest you instead of him."

Tin Po Kwok, the magistrate, was terrified on hearing this, and did not know what to do. He told the governor that his son was really not at home and promised that he would arrest him and bring him to the governor's yamen as soon as he came home.

"That is only an excuse," Ma Lum replied. "What will you do if your son will not return home again? I give you three days only. Within these days you must either bring your son to me or you will be arrested instead of him."

Having said this he went away in a great rage.

Not long after the governor had gone, the son of the fisherman came to the yamen to see the magistrate, saying that he wanted to report the son of the governor Ma Shi Foon for the killing of his father. As the statement was so strange the magistrate asked the boy about the facts, and then he got an idea.

"Your case is a very sad one," he said to the boy. "But I am sorry that I may be able to do nothing for you in this case, as the man who killed your father has died also. The only thing for you to do is to go to the governor's yamen to make your accusation and cry aloud your grievance for three days. Then maybe I may be able to do something for you.

"In addition, because you are an orphan and have no means of earning your living, I shall treat you as my adopted son from now on. Now go back to the boat and attend to the burial of your father and then come back here."

Then he gave the boy some money for the funeral, and the young Wu Kin agreed to do what he told him.

The three days were soon over and on the fourth morning the magistrate Tin Po Kwok was arrested and taken to be tried in the court of the governor in the presence of all the officers of that place.

"Since you could not deliver your guilty son to us," the governor said,

"we had to arrest you for the murder. You are his father, you should have taught him to be good. Why did you allow him to do such an unlawful thing? Now is the last chance for you to say something in your defence, as we are going to sentence you to death for this affair."

"I deny the charge," the arrested magistrate replied. "You say that my son killed yours, but who is the witness of it?"

"That is easy," Ma Lum said. "I will show you the witness."

Then the witness, Man Hung, a friend of Ma Shi Foon who accompanied him to the Tortoise Mountain that day, was sent to the court. From his words all the officers learned that it was the governor's son who caused the trouble.

At the same time, the fisherman's son came to the court also to hand his petition, saying that the son of the governor had killed his father. This made all the officers express great astonishment.

"That is a lie," said Ma Lum. "Who will believe that my son had killed your father as you have not any one to prove it? Moreover, your father died in your own boat; you cannot say that it was my son's fault. Maybe he was injured by some other person."

"Your son also died in your own house, not at the place where the trouble happened," replied the magistrate on behalf of the boy. "What has been told by Man Hung was also evidence to prove that what the boy had said was true. In the present circumstances, if you want to put me to death in such a case, first of all you must condemn yourself to the same punishment as me, because your son was also a murderer of an old, poor fisherman."

The governor had nothing to say to that. He was becoming very angry and was going to judge the case on his own authority when, suddenly, there was the arrival of an imperial order, and all of them had to go and listen to it at once.

In the order it was announced that there was an invasion from abroad and it commanded the governor to undertake the defence immediately with his troops. Because of this, the case had to be dropped temporarily, and the magistrate went back to his post. The governor, having prepared everything for the war, sent one of his generals, Tang Hong, together with a troop to be the vanguard of the big army.

In the meantime Tin Yuk Tsuen, having escaped from the Tortoise Mountain, wandered about everywhere. He did not dare to go back to his home, and not long afterwards he had become a beggar. One day when he was in Lung Shan, which was very far away from the Hupeh province, the troops of the governor passed by on their way to the battlefield. When the troops came near him he stood by the roadside. As the general Tang Hung came close to him, his horse was suddenly frightened and reared up on its hind legs. The general was nearly thrown down to the ground. Rushing towards the horse, Tin Yuk Tsuen held fast the bridle with one hand and the saddle girth with the other. Then the horse could not move the least bit even if it wanted to run.

The general was much surprised at the young beggar's strength.

"Thank you very much for helping me out of this danger," he said to Tin Yuk Tsuen. "What is your name? Why are you a beggar if you have such good strength?"

"My name is Tsuen Yuk Tin," he replied, making a false name of his own by inverting it, "I am a native of Honam province. Two years ago, I followed my uncle to this place to trade. Unfortunately he died and his business was ruined. For this reason, I had nothing to do and became a beggar."

"Do you know anything about boxing?"

"Of course I do" he answered. "I know a great deal."

The general was glad to hear that and asked him to display his ability. Then he showed the general his skill with all kinds of weapons. After the exhibition, the general asked him to become a lieutenant in his army and to stay in his own camp. Tin agreed to it gladly.

Not long afterwards, the great army arrived at the border district of the country. The troops of the governor fought fiercely with the invaders. For a long time the battle went on. Although they had some victories they were also defeated many times.

One night, all of the troops were tired and fell asleep as they had

fought for the whole day. Then their enemies came to attack them and reached their camp by a secret path. Rushing on them with a thunderlike clamour, they killed many of the governor's soldiers.

The governor hurriedly got on a horse, protected by several of his body-guard, but he was surrounded by a crowd of the enemy. He tried his best to press out of it but he was driven back. After a time all his body-guard were killed and he was in a most dangerous condition.

Unexpectedly, a young man, fighting like a hero, pressed into the crowd. It was the young lieutenant. He was so brave that all of the enemy who fought with him were badly wounded or killed as soon as their weapons met. He rescued the governor from the dangerous position and finally he drove all the enemy away.

On the next day, Ma Lum promoted him to be one of his generals in order to reward him for saving his life. He also sent him to fight with the invaders. Within a month, he had defeated the enemy. The chief of the invaders was then compelled to sign the agreement of surrender and the governor's army returned to the capital with complete victory.

Not knowing that the young general Tsuen Yuk Tin was the man who killed his son, the governor showed him great favour. As soon as he returned to the governor's yamen, he let his daughter Ma Fong Ting marry him. Tin Yuk Tsuen knew this was a good chance to save his father from distress, so he agreed to it willingly. It happened also that among the guests of the wedding nobody recognised that he was the son of the magistrate. Therefore the marriage passed off favourably.

On the third day after the wedding had taken place the newly-married couple were talking in their room. Tin said to his wife:

"I have heard that your elder brother was killed by the son of the magistrate. How is the case going on?"

"It is still held up," replied his wife, "as my father has no time to judge it in these few days. But I think that the court will be opened again soon."

"Supposing," he said, "that you met the man who killed your brother, what would you do to him?"

"I should certainly kill him or arrest him and bring him to my father," she answered.

"Yes, you would do what is right," he said, "and I guarantee that you will meet him soon."

So saying, he took down a sword which was hanging on the wall and gave it to her.

"Here is a sword," he continued, "and the man before you is the man who killed your brother. I must confess to you, I am not Tsuen Yuk Tin but Tin Yuk Tsuen, the son of the magistrate and your husband; the man you are looking for in order to have revenge and the man who saved your father in the battlefield. With this sword, you may kill me as you like."

She was astonished. For a long while she did not know what to do, as her mind was in an extremely confused state.

"Why don't you kill me?" he urged. "I see, perhaps you do not like to do such a dreadful thing by your own hand. But I shall go to see your father personally and tell him everything. I think he will put me to death for you."

He was then going to leave the room.

"Stop!" She cried aloud at last, weeping. "Please do not go. I do not want revenge any more. I shall be a widow if you really do what you say."

"But I must go now," Tin said. "I must go home to see my father, as I have not seen him for a long time. If you really do not wish your father to kill me, you may try your best to help me afterwards."

Saying this he left her and went back home to see his father. Tin Po Kwok was very angry at first, but when he was told everything he was glad. Immediately he tied him up and brought him to the governor's yamen.

Ma Lum was also astonished at this, as he only knew the young man as his son-in-law. Then Tin Po Kwok told him the facts and asked him to do whatever he liked to his son. At the same time, his daughter Ma Fong Ting appeared and would not allow him to do anything which was harmful to her husband.

Seeing this, the governor had to cancel the charge and set free both the magistrate and his son. They forgave each other and finally their relations became better and better than ever before.

BIRTH OF NEW CHINA

By V. G. NAIR

EVENTS in China have been moving with rapid strides ever since the Communists had won their victory over the Kuomintaung Government. News reaching India indicates that the Chinese mainland has been humming with life all around its four corners. The People's Government have been recognised by more than twenty two nations and their legations have moved to Peking. The little Red Star that appeared over China about fifteen years ago has apparently begun to glitter in all its brilliance up above the majestic Tai Shan mountains. The birth of New China is indeed an epoch-making event in the annals of Asia; and it will produce wider repercussions in bordering countries like India, Tibet and Burma.

The Reds started with ruined cities, wrecked railways and highways, broken villages, hungry, weary and destitute people. Yet they could bring into force a series of notable reforms in the social, educational and economic spheres intended to uproot the centuries-old feudal structure of Chinese society and reconstruct the country on the foundations of a new socio-economic order of freedom and equality. Under the Sino-Soviet Treaty negotiated by Mao Tse Tung, China can import large stocks of machine tools and tractors from Russia. She can rebuild and expand her industries and speed up production and agricultural industrialisation. Nationalisation of industries, stabilisation of currency and food grain prices are among other important reforms introduced by the Government. An indication of currency stabilisation is the reduction that has been effected in railway passenger fares and postal rates. The exchange rate of Chinese currency in relation to the U. S. dollar is now on an upward trend. Everyone with savings will have to buy Government bonds. The Marriage Code has been reformed resulting in great benefit to Chinese society. Under the new Code, a fifteen year old girl can no longer be forced to marry a man twice her age. She will have the right to choose her own husband. Monogamy is to be strictly enforced. Concubinage, polygamy and polyandry and family-arranged matches are outlawed. Widows and widowers can remarry on equal terms. The age limit has been fixed as 20 for males and 18 for females. A husband may not divorce his wife while she is pregnant or a year after she gives birth to one of his children. Even after divorce, he must share the responsibility for the support of his children. Men and women are to enjoy equal divorce and property rights. Women's federations have been organised and prostitutes are freed from brothels. Workers, because they are producers, are given every honour by the People's Government. Religious freedom is fully guaranteed. At a meeting of Chinese Christian leaders, Premier Chou En-lai has acknowledged the contributions Christianity had made to China in the past.

The Government have brought into force certain notable agrarian reforms. These reforms were intended to redistribute the land—to confiscate landlords' holdings and make the landless peasants share them. The land holdings of monasteries, churches and schools are also to be confiscated. These confiscated lands are to be distributed among the poor, landless and land-hungry peasants and also among unemployed workers.

Educational reforms, according to Government reports, "mark the beginning of the reform of the old educational system in universities and colleges"—dialectical materialism and historical materialism and new democracy are stipulated as common subjects for all university and college students, while political economy will be a requisite subject for students of arts and social sciences. The Russian language is to be taught wherever possible. English has been removed from the curricula of primary schools and the number of hours devoted to it in the middle school has been reduced. In an article published in the March issue of *Pacific Affairs* (New York), the educational policy of Red China is fully discussed by Mr. S. B. Thomas, Editor of *Far East*. It is worthy of perusal.

THE FUTURE OF WARFARE

(From A Military Correspondent)

THE defence of a kingdom, according to ancient Indian polity, was the responsibility of the king, and his Kshatriya caste-men. And when a country was involved in war, it was a well-recognised rule of what we should call international law that religious and learned bodies on the one hand, and agricultural ones on the other, should not be damaged by the combatants. And as a rule, the bulk of the population, engaged in its work, took little interest in warfare.

The picture presented today stands at the other extreme. Not to speak of democracies alone, every country demands the active co-operation of all its citizens—men and women—in the pursuit of war. Every one from the highly trained scientist to the illiterate farmer can add to the war-effort. And there is no limit to the possible destruction on either side; in fact, the scorched-earth policy of these days involves the destruction of one's own towns, villages and property, lest the advancing enemy should secure help from any of them. Humanitarian considerations are said to prevail, as for instance, in the regard due to Red Cross organisations, and in the ban on the use of poison gas. But actual practice differs largely from precept. Red Cross markings are sometimes displayed by the enemy to conceal his identity. And on the other hand, terror-bombing of civilians is too often resorted to, in order to lower morale. Lastly, to make matters worse, vast agencies of propoganda are set in motion to conceal truth and to spread falsehood in the name of security. Warfare thus is total today in many senses of the word.

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If every one in a country is more or less directly concerned in a war it might wage, it stands to reason—in the democracies at any rate—that all citizens should be called upon to bear their due responsibilities and to exercise their due rights in respect of war. One aspect of these responsibilities is the liability to active service in times of need. But historical and military considerations have led to different interpretations of such liability. With her emphasis on individual rights, Britain—as also the USA—has never relished compulsory military service. At every time of crisis, she has been able to raise enough men within her own shores to meet the threatened danger. And, of course, she had vast sources of supply in her colonies and dependencies, particularly in India. Even at the present moment, she is employing Gurkhas in Malaya. Nonetheless, her political ideology is averse to enforced military service. Of course, she has her reserves on which she draws freely in emergencies. Her main strength however lies in the fact that the bulk of her population has a highly developed sense of civic and social responsibility.

At the other end of the scale is France with her tradition of universal military service. The average Frenchman is more of an individualist than the average Briton; but even so, he suffers the tradition of all male citizens undergoing military training for a stated period so as to be ready at call in any emergency. Of necessity, France has her reserves too. It is sometimes wondered which of the two systems, the British or the French, is more democratic. But the question is really puerile, for both of them are the products of governments which are democratic and responsible to their own peoples, and not to outsiders. Perhaps the difference is to be explained on other grounds. For decades now, the population of France has ceased to grow, while that of her powerful neighbour, Germany, has not only grown but also become consolidated and well-knit. Besides, Germany has long been a military state, and France perhaps did not feel secure unless all her citizens were ready to take up arms, and rush to the front without long delay in training.

In this connection, the opinions of German military writers on the comparative merits of the two systems of national armies are highly instructive. What one of them, Seeckt, says will be enough for the present purpose. He it was that started the train of ideas after the Treaty of Versailles

that revitalised the subsequent German army, and made it the powerful instrument that it proved to be in the hands of Hitler. In 1928, he wrote a book "Thoughts of a Soldier" in which he compared at length the relative worth of professional armies and conscript ones, and dismissed the latter with almost contempt. He said that in respect of conscript armies "the effort and sacrifice was disproportionate to their effect, and merely led to a slow-grinding war of exhaustion. Further, the "mass becomes immobile; it cannot manoeuvre, and therefore cannot win victories, it can only crush by sheer weight." In peace time, it was important "to limit as far as possible the unproductive retention of male labour in military service". Technical science and skill were the keys to the future, and "a conscript mass, whose training has been brief and superficial, is cannon fodder....if pitted against a small number of technicians on the other side." This forecast was more than fulfilled in 1940 when a handful of panzer divisions, working with dive-bombers, paralysed the ill-equipped conscript mass of the French army, and drove it headlong.

In Seeckt's view the "operating army" should consist of "professional, long-term soldiers." During peacetime, the bulk of the nation's manpower would be better employed in industry so that, when an emergency arises, it may be able to provide an ample equipment of up-to-date weapons on a mass scale.

The pattern of India's army is well settled on the British model. But much work lies ahead in respect of technical skill and equipment. These notes may appropriately close with another thought from Seeckt, which has profound significance for us: "The whole future of warfare appears to me to lie in the employment of mobile armies, small relatively but of high quality, and rendered distinctively more effective by the addition of aircraft and in the simultaneous mobilisation of the whole forces, either to feed the attack or for home-defence."

LATE PROF. L. KAMESWARA SARMA

MR. F. G. Natesa Ayyar, Chairman, All India Naturopathic Conference, Tiruchirapalli, writes:

It is with deep regret that I have heard the news of the death of Prof. L. Kameswara Sarma, M.A., N.D., lately Head of the Department of Physics, Sarada Vilas College, Mysore and Deputy Director of the Indian Institute of Natural Therapeutics, Pudukkottai which took place at Bombay on the 6th instant following a brief period of illness. Prof. Sarma was one of the sons of Dr. K. Lakshman Sarma—the great pioneer in Naturopathy and was only 38 years old at the time of his death. He was a double graduate in Mathematics and Physics and took first class in M. A. in Physics. Till 1948, he did professorial work in the Pudukkottai Maharaja's College and in the S. V. College, Mysore. But his heart was in Naturopathy and he left the College to plunge himself heart and soul in propagating Nature-Cure among the public through his public and institutional lectures and demonstrations, and the publication of a large number of books on Nature-Cure system and practice. He was awarded the honorary degree of N. D., by the State Board of Examiners of the State of California. He was a life-member of the National Association of Naturopathic Herbalists of America and honorary fellow of the International Association of Naturopathic Physicians.

Only last June, just two months ago, Prof. Kameswara Sarma paid a visit to Rishikesh and stayed at "Ananda Kutir" the Ashram of His Holiness Swami Sivanandaji Maharaj as his guest and delivered a series of lectures on Nature-Cure and the natural way of living and earned the appreciation of His Holiness and the inmates for his learned exposition of the subject.

Prof Kameswara Sarma lived in Nature's own way, a life of simple living and high thinking. He practised what he preached. He burned with an intense desire to make people and Government understand and appreciate the value of Nature-Cure. He was an ardent devotee of Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi and of Mahatma Gandhi. His death is an irrepairable loss to the world of New Thought and New Life.

GIVE NEHRU A FREE HAND

By Major D. V. RAJA RAO

EVEN as late as the last war, conquering Indian troops had to face the humiliation of being looked upon as cannibals and savages, even in comparatively less advanced countries of Europe. It was not uncommon for Indian officers to contradict with patience, common beliefs about cannibalism, human sacrifice, slave trade and such like barbaric practices in India. Europeans in general had little respect for Indians as a people. The civilization and culture they saw in the Indians was put to the credit of the civilizing mission of the British in India. Indian aspirations for independence were a joke with them.

From that to the present status of India in international politics is a most pleasant change. We are as a nation so much obsessed with our great and ancient civilisation and cultural heritage that we are liable to take this international respect for our Government as a matter of course. In spite of our military weakness, economic poverty and industrial backwardness we have an international status because of the vastness of our country and population, our potentiality for development, our strategic geographical position and our adherence to democracy. Our Government derives its strength from these for the neutral attitude and moral outlook we are trying to bring to bear on international politics. If we are to retain our independence and maintain and improve our international position we will have to integrate our political unity, build up a high national character, develop our potential resources and make a success of our democracy.

Through her long history, India has been subjected to so many influences, that there is a great diversity of religions, languages, civilisation and culture amongst us. Many empires rose and fell in their time in different parts of India leaving local and regional prides and prejudices. When the British consolidated their power in India there were still left over six hundred states and principalities. From that one can imagine the extent of political disunity in the country. The British assiduously followed a policy of intensifying every possible difference between the people. Religious, lingual, caste or communal, regional and economic differences all were fully exploited to break our national unity. In spite of all this India remains a nation. There is a basic unity of culture and customs which runs from Kashmir to Cape Comerin. One has only to travel through the length and breadth of India to realise this unity. Many of the different religions in India are either derived from the basic Hindu religion, or consist mostly of local converts, or are so much influenced by the indigenous religion and conditions that the basic culture and mode of life throughout and amongst all people is about the same. It is this cultural unity that preserved us as a nation. Yet it was not strong enough to bring about political unity. Our history bears ample proof of it. It is increasingly becoming obvious now-a-days that it is impossible for small nations to be independent in the present set-up of world powers. If we are to preserve our independence it is essential that we remain united as one integrated nation through the length and breadth of India.

The compelling desire for freedom provided the background to evolve a strong nationalism under the inspiring leadership of Mahatma Gandhi which made our independence possible. With the attainment of Swaraj the exciting cause of our countrywide nationalism ceased to operate. On the other hand, there are many forces coming into prominence now to militate against the development of a nationalism strong enough to preserve our unity. Religious, provincial, lingual, caste or communal and idealogical differences are all being exploited by adventurous and opportunist elements to gain power and authority. Unless something is created which can catch the imagination and faith of the people and infuse in them a stronger enthusiasm for itself than for these disrupting forces, nationalism in the necessary strength to preserve our unity cannot be developed. The common man is more concerned with his living than

anything else. Comfortable living, social security and justice are the essentials that man looks for under any Government. Any State that can guarantee these essentials for its people can infuse that strong nationalism amongst them which would guarantee its unity and liberty. The ideal of a welfare state is something for which people would willingly and enthusiastically work for and give their allegiance to. It is good the Congress has decided in favour of a classless welfare state. It is also good that Jawaharlal's leadership is almost unanimously accepted for achieving this objective. He is the only leader who can inspire faith and confidence in the people for its achievement and restrain them from falling a prey to the anti-national, anti-social and fissiparous activities of the adventurous and opportunist politicians in the meantime.

Having accepted Jawaharlal's ideal of a secular welfare state and his leadership to work it out, it is only reasonable that he should be given a free hand to evolve the machinery for the achievement of the objective. There seems to be ample realisation with one section of the Congress of the rot that has crept into it, and they are anxious to rid the Congress of it. But with others, pride, prestige and party loyalty seem to weigh more than the good of the people and the country. Sardar Patel's special message to the Congress is rather disconcerting in this respect. While admitting all the evils that have crept into the Congress he puts the blame on a disgruntled and disappointed minority and groups with personal loyalties for the failure of the Congress and calls for unity in the name of Mahatmaji, the sacredness of the institution and discipline. While his analysis is largely true, he cannot blind himself to the undeniable fact of the Congress Governments having failed to give any relief to the common man and rendered the services inefficient and corrupt. That such ministries are in power and enjoying the confidence of the majority in the Congress is a disgrace to the Congress and cannot be an argument to brush aside the minority of critics as self-esteeming malcontents. Reformers are always in a minority to start with. Christ was alone when he started. So was Buddha. Even the Congress was a minority in the country in the early twenties. They cannot be suppressed in the name of discipline. After all, the strength of a party does not lie in its members or numbers, but in its ideals and its record of work. If, as admitted, power-seekers are corrupting the Congress and groups with personal loyalties are weakening it, a way must be found to eliminate them from the Congress and its Governments. Dominated as it is by aspiring opportunists, and communal intriguers and divided as it is into groups with personal loyalties, the Congress cannot bring up the best men in itself nor can it attract outside talent into its Governments. The existing machinery for parliamentary selections and nominations cannot get out of the mire of intrigue and corruption it has sunk into. A machinery independent of the rank and file of the Congress and which can sail clear of their machinations and corrupting influence must be evolved to pick out men with character, strength and faith not only from the Congress but also from the innumerable outsiders who believe in the Congress and sympathise with it. It is quite possible the work of running the elections will not be smooth and easy then. Many disappointed aspirants and groups may go out of the Congress and oppose it. But then the people will be really voting for the principles and programmes of the Congress and it will also be a trial of the strength of the candidates to carry the electorate with them. Mere non-entities whose only strength is the party organisation will be eliminated. A Government selected by the existing corrupt parliamentary machinery of the Congress will always be at the mercy of the party bosses and politicians, and the evils of inefficiency, demoralisation and corruption would be thereby perpetuated. If Jawaharlal were to be fettered with this machinery for parliamentary organisation he is bound to fail and his failure would be a greater disaster to the country than a personal disgrace to him. The country cannot afford to lose his leadership and the Congress will annihilate itself if it lets him down.

Sardar Patel's complacent claim that the Congress is carrying on inspite of its internal troubles and

dissenting minority as proof of its being in the right and his call to the dissenters to bow down to discipline for the sake of the sacred institution would not help the Congress much with the people. There is no sacredness about the Congress for them. The Congress is now just a political party and it will be judged by what it has and can do for the people, not by its resolutions, speeches and appeals by its leaders. So far the record of the Congress in power is stinking with corruption, nepotism and communalism. People will not rally round it unless there is a convincing change for the better. They will be sorry to let down the Congress for the memory of Mahatmaji. But it will be blasphemy on the part of the Congress as it is today to exploit Mahatmaji's association with it.

G. D. NAIDU IN U. K.

By SYLVIA MATHESON

MILLET plants 27 feet high with 14 to 39 cobs instead of the normal 14-foot plants bearing one cob and very rarely two; papaya plants bearing on one trunk six different varieties of fruit, some in the shape of water melons, some like mangoes. These are some of the "sparetime" achievements of 55-year-old Mr. G. D. Naidu of Coimbatore who has extended his 14-day visit to Britain by 20 weeks to enable him to see things for himself.

Mr. Naidu went to England last May intending to stay a fortnight to attend the British Industries Fair, then on to Sweden for the Agricultural Conference, and from there to return direct to India. But he found so much to interest him on the Continent and in the U. K. that he decided to stay on longer. He is now proposing to sail back home at the end of September.

After attending the British Industries Fair, Mr. Naidu told me, he took part in the Agricultural Conference in Sweden and then went on to Copenhagen and from there to all parts of Germany studying both industrial plants and scientific and agricultural laboratories, before returning to London to visit similar organisations in Britain. The main object of his visit to Europe was to study various industries that could be started up in India with the help of British firms and subject to permission being granted by the Government of India. His visit has been extremely successful and has resulted in negotiations with various British firms for machinery of all kinds, automobile parts, cycle parts, clock making machinery and educational films and film equipment.

Mr. Naidu told me of his visit to the recent Food Fair at Olympia, London, where many exhibits took his fancy; here he added to his already vast collection informative booklets on such subjects as food safety and bought various small gadgets, such as a special knife for preparing vegetables, and pressure and other cooking equipment designed to preserve all vitamins in food.

"Now I am going to see the Institute of House Workers," he told me, "and see if we cannot apply some of the scientific methods taught there to Indian conditions."

He will also be visiting Oxford: a return visit to Professor A. W. Ashby who called on Mr. Naidu when in India early this year. Professor Ashby, Director of the Agricultural Economic Research Institute at Oxford, was specially attracted by Mr. Naidu's experimental farm at Coimbatore where he carries on his "sparetime hobby" of experimenting with the growth of plant life.

To Visit Motor Show

Mr. Naidu's many and varied "sidelines" include a model bus service whose modern shelters, vehicles and bus stations are as spick and span now as when they were opened eight years ago. Now Mr. Naidu hopes to attend the Commercial Motor Show to be held in London at the end of September before embarking for India.

"A great educator and *enterpreneur* in many fields of engineering and industry....Mr. Naidu is truly a man in a million." This is how Sir C. V. Raman, the famous scientist, once described him. His generosity, love for founding educational institutions and amazing energy led one Governor of Madras to call him "the Nuffield of India."

WORK AND WAGE

By B. MANAVALAN

THERE is a widespread feeling that today no workman, be he a carpenter, blacksmith, mason or any other labourer, is not doing as much work as he used to do formerly, that he is not honest in rendering service commensurate with the wage paid to him and that an increase in wage is not producing an increase in turnover. In industrial enterprises the management complain that the labour is not efficient, which is only another mode of expressing the above feeling.

The same may be remarked about the so-called intellectual worker. The clerical staff in every office has increased and along with it the arrears have mounted in geometrical progression. If the smith or mason whiles away his time in mechanical dullness, the intellectual worker spends his time in gossip and novel reading. The work of the high paid officials is no better. With increase in salaries and with added incomes from many a source, their turnover is becoming less and less; the law of diminishing returns is proved beyond doubt. What is the remedy?

Some years ago if a mason was engaged to build a house or a carpenter to make some furniture, he felt it was an opportunity for the craftsman to show his skill and he worked devotedly. He considered that the work he was carrying out was his own and not for another; he felt a comradeship with the man for whom in ordinary parlance we should say he was working. He did not mind his wages, as he was confident of a living wage and a handsome gift and real appreciation of service. There was no difference in the standard of living between him and the person who employed him. This is more clearly marked in the field of agriculture. The agriculturist labourer and the so-called owner of the land worked hand in hand and the production of the highest and best from out of the land they tilled was their only concern. The employer and the labourer both worked in comradeship and both shared their joys and sorrows equally and the employer was a trustee for the employee.

With the advent of the British and the introduction of English education, selfishness in individuals grew and things took different shapes. The idea of oneness gave place to the idea of separateness and the idea of exploiting one another emerged. The efficiency and high character of the early British rule kept these tendencies under some control. With the withdrawal of British authority in India and the passing of power into the hands of the unscrupulous men of the Congress and with inefficient and highly corrupt officials and ever increasing controls affording greater opportunities for corruption, the ordinary workman's indifference to work has increased and inefficiency is the result.

The only way to achieve peace and prosperity is to elevate the moral principles of life in everyone; to make all feel that they are members of one community and that it is the duty of every one to give his best to the others; to make them realise that they are working for the entire country and not for this or that individual, and for the achievement of the happiness of all, to the detriment of none.

This can be done only if no one claims any special privilege to himself after having monopolised the means of production, and no one claims any superiority due to birth, religion, caste or intelligence. The individual needs of people, physical, mental and psychological, should be the concern, not of the individual but of the nation.

Harmonious living or Yoga of Action can be attained either by voluntary abdication and sacrifice as preached by Mahatma Gandhi or through the agency of State authority. The process of voluntary abdication is slow and in its slowness there is the chance of its own destruction as proved in the deterioration of the Congress party.

TRAVEL TALK

By C. S. NARASIMHAN, M.A.

I have always been fond of travel. Perhaps it is the call of adventure beckoning to the spirit of youth. The joy of movement undoubtedly added to the rhythm of life. Anyway

Sri C. S. Narasimhan

I was content to travel whenever opportunity came my way. Motor cars for short distances and mail trains for long distances were the fastest means of travel when I started travelling. I have done many places by car within a radius of about 100 miles, and long distances to Bombay, Delhi and Calcutta I have done by train as fast as you can make them in India. If there is one thing that can act as a prophylactic to travel, it is travel by Indian Railways in the post war period. Unwashed carriages, missing bolts, leaky water basins—and yet in spite of it all every train overcrowded! Surely nobody would be tempted to travel merely for the purpose of travelling, and I had my fill of it.

A new chapter however was opened up when civil aviation came into the picture. Traffic on the aerial routes was slowly built up and Tatas deserve all praise for the care and caution that marked their pioneering efforts and the courtesy and consideration they extended to all who ventured to travel. I remember well the first time I travelled to Bombay in their plane. The seats were hard cushioned and rigidly set and the seat belts were not easy to fasten and you certainly needed cotton to plug your ears if the noise of the engines in taking off and when getting down were not to result in any permanent injury. Apart from this, the walls of the cabin were not padded to drown the drone of the whirling wheels. It called for some courage to adventure under such conditions. But the novelty of it sustained faith and promised an added thrill to the voyage of discovery. As the plane took off, some of my fellow passengers discovered an emptiness of the stomach and as the plane mounted high, some of them threw out the contents of the stomach. It required some strength of mind to resist the feeling of nausea that pervaded the cabin. I was however far too preoccupied with the panoramic view provided by the windows, to take note of what was happening in the cabin itself. Men shrunk to the size of insects, buildings looked like layouts in a plan, and trees looked like grass patches in your compound; and as the plane mounted higher and higher I discovered how low the clouds hung over the earth. We pierced the clouds and between the plane and the ground it looked as though a carpet of felt had been spread. The summer clouds in their silvery splendour looked like heaps of cotton waiting to be ginned. There were darker clouds occasionally striking your vision, covering and uncovering the sun like a game of hide and seek. As the plane cut through them there was a visible tremor and it reminded me of a dog shaking itself after a wetting. It was difficult to judge how fast the plane travelled. When one travels in a railway train there are surface indications by which one can measure speed; as telegraph poles flashed past, you realise how fast you are going. But in the sky there are no denominators of speed; and oftentimes it looked as though the plane was stationary, when as a matter of fact you were travelling at a speed of 3 miles to the minute. Altogether it was a most exhilarating

experience and I came to the conclusion that if there was any travelling to be done in the future and if facilities were available, my first choice would be plane travel. I have done it many times to Bombay, Delhi and Calcutta. These were however short stretches and the flight was all by day. I was eagerly looking forward to an opportunity to do flying by night and over long distances. That opportunity came in 1949 when I programmed to tour Europe. As I was taking off from Bombay my choice lay between Air India International and T. W. A. As a measure of convenience I elected to travel by the T. W. A., hoping to return by the Air India International.

II

It was a family party. I accompanied my father and mother. My father was proceeding to England to attend a meeting of the Reuter Board as the Indian Trustee. He had been to England the previous year also, but the exigencies of work prevented him from seeing much of the continent. He therefore programmed to visit the continent and see a good cross section of the countries in Europe and study, in particular, the effects of the economic recovery programme. It was a good opportunity for me also and we framed an itinerary for four weeks covering Rome, Geneva, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam and London. Our first port of call was Rome. I soaked myself with the literature made available to me by the Public Relations section of the T. W. A. and got quite knowledgeable on four engined flights with their pressurized cabins, pullman seats and travel comforts.

The plane we were due to board was scheduled to take off round about midnight from Bombay. We drove to the Santa Cruz airport an hour earlier to check in our baggage, pass through the customs cordon, and check up passport formalities. In spite of the lateness of the hour quite a good few friends came to see us off. Conversation however lacked spirit or spontaneity. There was an undercurrent of regret at leaving familiar moorings and launching on an adventurous voyage. The lighting inside the airport and the darkness outside reflected in a measure this mental conflict. Partly excited and wholly expectant, I boarded the plane and waved my hands in farewell to the friends gathered at the airport.

The passengers were not many. There were just about a dozen of us, unevenly distributed in a cabin designed to hold forty and odd passengers. In a way it was good, for it gave us more elbow room to stretch ourselves as best as we could and snatch a few hours of sleep. After the plane took off, and we got released from our seat belts, I scouted round for the most comfortable seat and found it in the front seat where there was more leg room. I pulled out the hatch dividing the seats and with a couple of blankets and pillows, with the seats tilted to the broadest point, cradled myself to sleep. The next I knew was when the airhostess pulled me up and asked me to fasten the seat belt, as we were getting down at Daharan.

It was morning and apparently I had put through six hours of undisturbed sleep. We got down from the plane in a more buoyant frame of mind and used the 45 minutes break to stretch our legs and look round the place. There was however very little to see and for miles around there was nothing to strike the eye. A few passengers, however, representing presumably oil interests joined up and in less than three hours we reached Basra. There we were served with breakfast and coffee and again we took off and reached Cairo about lunch time. The airport at Cairo was being remodelled and reconditioned and it was a depressing sight to see the filth and squalor accumulated wherever we turned. The city of Cairo was too far away from the airport and neither the Sphinx nor the Pyramid about which we had heard and read so much was to be seen from the port. The heat and the glare were getting oppressive and we were quite content to board the plane again. We reached our destination at Rome early in the evening. Reuter's representative in Rome Mr. Hardcastle, and the Public Relations Officer attached to the Indian Embassy Mr. Kidwai met us at the airport and, anon, the representative of the T. W. A. came round also to make sure that we were well looked after. Congratulations to the T. W. A. for an excellent flight!

We checked out our baggage and cleared the customs in record time

and then drove to the city. An Indian, if he happens to be a student of history, starts with an initial advantage when he visits the historic cities of the West, for he knows more about them than even of his own country. It was part of the technique of colonial imperialism to play up the West and play down the East. I had myself read Gibbon's great work on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Naturally I was interested in what the city of thousand memories was going to bring to my view. Every stone, every street, and every square had no doubt a story to tell if they could only speak. For all her age, however, the city showed signs of perennial vigour and vitality and except for an occasional arch, gateway or column, the past did not intrude on the present and spoil the picture.

TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION OF INDIA

THE SEALS SALE CAMPAIGN

IT was a Danish postman who first worked on the idea of collecting funds for anti-tuberculosis work by selling special seals. While sorting out his unusually large mail during the Christmas season in 1903, he saw some children, suffering from tuberculosis of joints, limping across the road and wondered how he could help them. The thought that if every letter or parcel carried an extra stamp in addition to the postage, the money realised from such stamps could be used for helping to restore these unfortunate sick children to normal health came to his mind. He talked this over with his fellow postmen and soon they worked out a practicable scheme. The scheme was placed before the King and Queen of Denmark who gave it their hearty approval. This was the origin of the Tuberculosis Seals Sale Campaign, the first of which was held during Christmas in 1904 in Denmark. The people of Denmark bought an average of two seals per person and from the proceeds the first tuberculosis hospital for children sprang up in Denmark. Other countries took a clue from this and the U. S. A. started a similar campaign in 1907. The sale of seals has since been adopted by almost all the western countries, including the U. K., Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and large sums of money are being collected in these countries for anti-tuberculosis work by this means.

In India the question of organising a Seals Sale Campaign was considered in 1944, but had to be deferred for the duration of the War. Conditions in the country during the post-war days were also found unfavourable for embarking on such a new venture. The Tuberculosis Association of India has now decided to start the Seals Sale Campaign in India on 1st October, 1950. This campaign is to end with a Flag Day in January, 1951. This will be a regular feature of the Association's activities in future.

On a conservative estimate there are about 500,000 deaths every year in India due to tuberculosis and there are about 25,00,000 cases of active tuberculosis in this country. Death from tuberculosis is estimated to be very high in the larger cities, varying from about 250 to 500 per 100,000 of population. In the villages it is lower but still considerable and tending to increase. Its ravages are particularly devastating, since it attacks and kills without discrimination, and the tragedy very often is that it is mostly the young who ought to be the wealth and the mainstay of the nation that becomes its prey.

As tuberculosis is an infectious disease the best way to deal with the problem is to isolate all open cases. This has not, however, been achieved in any country in the world, and in India, under the existing conditions, it is difficult to attempt satisfactory isolation of even a small proportion of infective cases. Improvement of the standard of living including improvement in housing, sanitation and nutrition is admittedly the important factor connected with tuberculosis control, but the country should also provide for an adequate tubercu-

losis service, including provision for the after-care and rehabilitation of patients discharged from the hospital. According to standards accepted by tuberculosis workers, India would need 3,000 to 4,000 tuberculosis clinics or dispensaries and about 500,000 beds for tuberculous patients. Against this we have only 119 clinics and about 12,000 beds distributed in 45 sanatoria and 32 tuberculosis hospitals. Calculating on an average of one lakh of rupees for a clinic, including X-ray and other equipments, the total cost of constructing the required number of clinics is likely to be about Rs. 40 crores. The building and equipping of hospitals and sanatoria to provide 500,000 beds at the rate of Rs. 8,000 per bed would cost Rs. 400 crores. If these two items are planned for over a period of 15 years, we need yearly about Rs. 30 crores. Add to this the annual expenditure for the running of these institutions, which will be Rs. 60 crores when all the institutions are working. The personnel needed for manning these institutions are roughly 15,000 doctors, 50,000 nurses and 12,000 health visitors as against about 300 doctors and 400 nurses and health visitors available at present. What is spent on medical relief and public health in the whole of India is roughly half a rupee per head of population, and what is spent on tuberculosis is about less than 1|24th of a rupee. From this it is obvious that India cannot find the necessary means to provide for the minimum requirements in respect of tuberculosis for many years to come.

This year the Tuberculosis Association proposes to sell in the country 35 million seals. The seals cost one anna each. It is expected that this will bring in about 20 lakhs of rupees. This amount will be distributed among the affiliated associations on a basis which has been mutually agreed upon after deducting the expenses incurred by the Centre. This campaign should not be viewed from its monetary angle alone. This will have a good propaganda value also. It is the aim of the Association that the message that tuberculosis can and must be controlled should permeate every home in India.

The Tuberculosis Association of India has 17 affiliated Associations. They are all now busy with the arrangements for the launching of the campaign. As there are no recognised anti-tuberculosis organisations in the Chief Commissioners' Provinces, the Chief Commissioners have been requested to organise the campaign.

Newspapers in India are generally helpful. Some good write-ups about the campaign have appeared in some leading papers, and it is hoped more will follow. Certain newspapers have written interesting leaders also. We are grateful to them.

Since the Association could not provide sufficient funds for publicising the campaign through newspapers, some leading business firms in India were approached for donation of advertisement spaces. Over one hundred firms kindly donated newspaper spaces. Some others have donated cash. These donations now amount to about Rs. 20,000. Besides this, the Association will be spending about Rs. 60,000 on pictorial posters and cinema slides. The cost of printing seals will be roughly about Rs. 80,000. It is hoped that the people of India will respond to the call of the Tuberculosis Association of India and its affiliates magnificently and buy as many tuberculosis seals as they can and thus strengthen the hands of those who are engaged in the fight against what is one of the biggest enemies of mankind.

The Tea Bureau of N. S. W., which represents planters in India, Pakistan, Indonesia and East Africa, has announced that it will hold an Australian tea drinking championship, with a gold teapot for the winner. According to the Bureau's statistics, the Australian (who is generally reckoned as second only to the Englishman as a tea addict) drinks on the average 3.8 cups of tea per day. Some people drink up to 30 cups daily, and individuals are not wanting who claim a much higher consumption.

A woman at Woods Point, Victoria, claims that her husband drinks 80 cups daily. Local sceptics are invited to go along and watch him at his bakery where he works.

FILM fare

By V. P. SATHE

THE orthodox leaders of the Congress have always looked down upon films—especially Indian films. Time and again our state ministers have described them as an evil and baneful influence. If they had their way, perhaps along with drinking of intoxicants they would ban production as well as exhibition of motion pictures also.

Now Shree Purushotham Das Tandon, the President of the Indian National Congress, has joined these forces of reaction in condemning films. In his Presidential address, talking about economics and art he said, "The value of art also lies in its capacity to induce the urge for the fulfilment of ideals in life; an art which aims at producing pleasures of the outward senses is a thing to be dreaded. Therefore it is the duty of the leaders of society to keep always in mind the question of the proper use of wealth and art. An example of bad use of wealth and art which I have in view, is to be found in the motion pictures which are so prevalent today."

How one wishes Mr. Tandon had elaborated his theme and given his reasons for calling motion pictures bad.

But as his views are shared by many orthodox Congressmen, all one can say is that it is a great misfortune of the motion picture industry that our leaders should not recognise its importance in the building of our new state.

Gods & Stars

While the leaders sniff at motion pictures, the popular craze for them seems to be growing every day. The influence of films on the people is really very great; and the Ganapati Festival provides some idea of that influence.

The Ganapati Festival was given its present form and importance by Lokmanya Tilak who utilized it to spread his political doctrine of independence. Now, politics is no longer an excuse for these festivals which are celebrated just for the joy of it.

For ten days, all over Maharashtra, dramas, speeches, mimicry, music, and other entertaining items are performed in presence of the image of Lord Ganesh. Now the image itself varies. So far the political leaders inspired the making of these images; and it was quite customary to see Ganpati dressed in the style of Nehru or Subhash Bose.

This year, the film stars, too, seem to have invaded the field. In Poona, for instance, an image of Ganpati and Saraswati is made in the fashion and style of Raj Kapoor and Nargis as they appear on the poster of *Barsaat* with violin costume and other details reproduced to perfection.

First, I thought this was the wild idea of a Poona artist; then I learnt that similar idols have been on display at Nagpur and Kolhapur. At Nagpur, Ganpati is attired in half-shirt and full pant, like Raj, with a beautiful girl falling on his arm—*a la* 'Barsaat.' Also there is another Ganpati dressed in Punjabi style with two Punjabi girls standing in a pose which reminds one of the song "Mera Lal Dupatta."

At Kolhapur, Ganpatis have been dressed not only in *Barsaat* style but like the heroes of some of the popular Marathi pictures like 'Ram Joshi,' 'Pudhacha Paool' with of course the girl standing beside them.

Some people think it is sacrilegious.

Others think that it is symbolic of the popular will of associating everything they like and adore with the Gods they worship.

Picture Of The Week

Ever since Joan Crawford won the Academy award, her every role and picture has been eagerly looked forward to by discerning picturegoers. Her latest picture "The Damned Don't Cry" proves once again that she is a great dramatic actress; but one fears that she is getting typed again and a few more roles of the same type would ruin her career.

For Ethel Whitehead of "The Damned Don't Cry" is not far different from Mildred Pierce, though of course the story and the other characters are a little different. Ethel is young, vivacious but poor; she is married to a good looking worker and has a eight-year old son when the story begins.

Ethel is dissatisfied with her lot and it appears as if but for her son, she would have walked out on her parents and husband to seek a fortune—which she eventually does when her son is killed in an accident. The indication of her poverty and burning desire is given by the bicycle which she buys for her son on instalment basis much to the annoyance of her husband.

Leaving her town, she goes East and first tries to get an honest job but finds that she is not equipped for any job except that of a maid. She does not give up hope; she starts as a salesgirl and soon finds that modelling is a more paying job. With her face and figure she realizes that she can go places—and she does!

She gets entangled into a gambling racket and she entices Marty, an honest God-fearing certified public accountant, to join it as a bookkeeper. Through him she comes to know the boss of the whole 'coast-to-coast' racket—George Casserman and virtually becomes his mistress, ignoring the love of Marty.

In the new set-up she is launched as Mrs. Forbes, a rich widow, an oil heiress. She becomes a sensation. But she has to pay the price for all this luxury and publicity. For her boss sends her to California to entice his man Nickie who is going out of control and elicit all the information. She obeys, goes West, stages a love affair with Nickie. Afraid of being double-crossed her boss arrives on the scene and the drama takes a violent turn with lot of beating, shooting, hiding and final exposure of the racket.

The scene in which Joan Crawford is beaten is the most harrowing scene in the entire picture; it is incidentally Joan's best acting piece as well. At the end, there is unnecessarily far too much of shooting and of course Ethel and Marty are saved in the end.

The moral of the story is that a woman who leaves her home to find good life ultimately returns home to find refuge from life outside. The other moral is that money begotten sinfully never begets happiness.

Well, no one can have any quarrel with these morals. It is, of course, wrong to earn money by racketeering; but in a society where a handful of people roll in wealth while millions toil just to live, is it so strange that people should resort to racketeering when they know that many rich and ostensibly happy people owe their present position to racketeering. It is useless to tell a woman not to go the wrong way when that very way is presented in such a glamourized and attractive manner as in this picture. It is also useless to tell a woman to be just contented with her lot. Actually the picture should have tried to analyse her discontent in sociological terms; but instead of that the producers have exploited that discontent to moralize on one hand and to present an exciting drama of the underworld activities on the other. The pity, however, is that even that drama is not exciting with too much footage devoted to the building up of two or three really tense and dramatic incidents in the picture.

So the picture has a few exciting moments and it can boast of really first rate performances by Joan Crawford, Kent Smith as Marty and David Brion as George Casserman.

Star Of The Week

Last weekend I went to Khandala and for three days I had the pleasure as well as privilege of staying with Raj Kapoor, the star-producer-director of *Barsaat* fame. During our stay along with writer K. A. Abbas and Raj Kapoor's assistant Prakash Arora, we, of course, discussed the script of *Aawara*—in fact, that was the excuse for our stay there. But we also dis-

cussed almost every thing under the sun, especially films.

Looking thinner than ever, Raj was in excellent spirits. Raj is just twenty-five or twenty-six. And I at least know him for six or seven years. When we first became friends, he was just an assistant director drawing Rs. 75 per month. Then we often used to meet at Morosa, a popular restaurant near Flora Fountain (Bombay). I have seen Raj consuming a couple of dozen sandwiches with ease; at that time Raj was flabby and plump.

But then something happened—perhaps a feeling of frustration—and Raj started thinning and became a hero. Raj learnt direction first and made his debut as an artiste afterwards. Though he acted in *Valmiki* his first major role was in *Neel Kamal* directed by his 'Guru' Kidar Sharma. After that he appeared in a number of pictures but none of them clicked.

As a matter of fact Raj made his name as an artiste first on the stage, and that too as a comedian, in *Deewar*, directed by his famous father, Prithviraj Kapoor.

With a little money that he earned from acting in films, he launched R. K. Films. His capital, I believe, was just 27,000 rupees. Against heavy odds he made his picture *Aag* and revealed himself to be an ambitious, enterprising and intelligent artiste, director as well as producer.

Aag may not have been a great hit; but it certainly made the public and critics take notice of the new rising star on the film horizon. His performances in *Andaz* and his unprecedented success as a producer-director in *Barsaat* has raised him to the top. Today, as a star he can demand and get the highest price; as a producer too he can get any amount he demands.

Raj admits that he is not a very learned man and that he relies more on instinct than knowledge in his approach. But he is not content; he wants to learn and he desires to know things. His plea to the authors who write for him has always been, "Give me the contents, the thoughts, and see how well I present them." That does not mean Raj has no knowledge; on the contrary in 25 years he has perhaps learnt more about life than people generally do in twice as many years. He is impetuous, youthful and indulges at times in naive pranks; but it would be foolish to call him either childish or irresponsible. He is a shrewd guy and he knows exactly what he wants. And he wants nothing so much as perfection in his own work. To get the work done, he will do anything—of course that does not include anything unscrupulous.

For work is a passion with him. One of his ambitions is to go round the country with a camera on his back and make an outdoor picture. And, no doubt one day he will fulfil his ambition. Raj who works day and night and is found often resting only in his car, had a quiet rest in Khandala. He had good sleep and he ate in a hearty style. He certainly loves food, especially eggs. He also loves to sing; what a pity he does not sing himself in films!

Now he has stopped working in other films and he will devote all energies to the activities of R. K. Films. With his amazing zeal, energy, ambition and intelligence one has no doubt that Raj and R. K. Films will attain many triumphs. In fact he is the hope of the future film industry.

News Of The Week

—New Theatres' *Chhota Bhai* is banned by West Pakistan.

—Madhubala and Gope have been signed by R. C. Talwar's for his new picture *Saqi* which is being directed by Rawail. Talwar himself will shortly start shooting of a screenplay by Ramanand Sagar, the author of *Barsaat*.

—Nimmi and Dev Anand are the stars of Fali Mistri's new picture entitled *Saza*.

—Vedi will direct, *For Ladies Only* for Jaimani Dewan and *Ali Shaan* for Wishai Vishav Chitra Kalamandir Ltd., with Nigar, Kuldip, Karan Dewan, Mubarak and K. N. Singh in the cast.

—Film star Rehman is planning to start his own picture in November.

—Producer P. N. Arora of All India Pictures has announced his next picture *Nazneen* featuring Madhubala.

—Director Prahlad Dutt has been signed by Filmkar Ltd., for 'Ghungroo.' The shooting is started and it stars Sumitra (of New Theatres' fame), Om Prakash, K. N. Singh and Kuldip Kaur.

—Director Aspi has started *Gorakhnath* featuring Nirupa Rai and Surendra.

SIDELIGHTS : :

Our laws make law impossible; our liberties destroy all freedom; our property is organised robbery; our morality is an impudent hypocrisy; our wisdom is administered by inexperienced or mal-experienced dupes, our power wielded by cowards or weaklings, and our honour false in all its points. —BERNARD SHAW.

IT is customary with our ministers, on appointment, to go on tour at public expense to their native places, there to air their importance and receive addresses, dinners and parties. There are always some anxious to please and entertain such ministers. Their hope is that it might pay them to do so. The discovery of greatness synchronises with the attainment of office, and the adulation that greets incoming ministers rarely follows them when they quit. Ex-ministers are a forlorn lot, not the least neglected by those most prominent in burning incense in front of them while they were in office. Any minister who takes himself at the valuation placed on him in public announcements by prospective beneficiaries playing host, will have his head turned, and may be counted as lost.

* * *

Poor Thirumal Rao had so much of praise packed into a couple of days and thrown at his face in heavy doses in parties that it is no wonder he collapsed under the impact, and lost all sense of proportion. He began to fancy himself a superman, privileged to hurt and taunt. As ill luck would have it, his wrath fell on Mr. Hayles, editor of *The Mail.*

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In a conference of pressmen *The Mail* was singled out by the deputy minister for food and condemned for its "campaign against the food administration." It was true. In column after column, day after day, of still continuing disclosures of hunger deaths, Mr. Hayles had completely exploded the ministerial myth that "no one shall starve" in free India. The caption "no one shall starve" has become a household word in South India familiar in all mouths as a tragic symbol of a Government that had failed in its first duty. Had the office of minister anything to do with the welfare of the people, the whole Government should have gone out in shame after *The Mail's* exposure, but in Madras the ministers cling on, daring their critics to dislodge them and do their worst. The Information Minister who has managed to survive three Premiers, ignored the hunger deaths and brought out pamphlets dealing elaborately with the Ministry's exploits in other matters. As readers of SWATANTRA already know, he rose to an original conception of his opportunities, and made an example of *The Mail* by cutting down advertisements.

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Now enters Mr. Thirumal Rao on the scene, ignorant, excited. He has no answer to make to the substance of *The Mail's* disclosures. We find him therefore launching on the thesis that Mr. Hayles, not being in the country born, cannot claim to know its millions so well as he, Mr. Thirumal Rao blessed with that advantage! Lord Boyd-Orr, too, whom Pandit Nehru invited to advise his Government on food, laboured under the same handicap as Mr. Hayles. Why did Mr. Thirumal Rao fail to warn the Prime Minister of the folly of importing an expert from outside while he, with his "real affinity" with the millions, was there, ready to assist, available on the spot?

* * *

His next contribution to the food problem was a passionate avowal of his own love of rice. If the deputy minister for food had merely stated that he loved rice as much as anybody else in the world, he would easily have carried conviction. But that, being a tame way of exhibiting prowess, would not evidently do for him. He must mix his greatness with another's lack of it. We find him therefore once again having a 'go' at Mr. Hayles. "As one coming from East Godavari",—so runs the report—"he was as much in love with rice as anybody else who now professed love for rice as a hireling—a stipendiary scribe." It is not very well known

that there was a time before he entered politics when Mr. Thirumal Rao was a journalist. He beat a retreat from that profession without making a mark, and the terms "hireling" and "stipendiary scribe" so contemptuously hurled by him now at a distinguished leader of the newspaper world, might be having their roots in an inglorious chapter of some unhappy experience of his own in the remote past. There is of course no particular stigma attached to the receipt of hire or a stipend for work done, and if the labourer is worthy of his hire, who need complain? The sting in the deputy minister's remark lies in its implication of professional conscience sold for money, of a point of view derived from a mercenary outlook. The impertinence of it is shocking. Whatever might have been the limitations of Mr. Thirumal Rao in the practice of journalism, he had no right to presume on it to besmirch an esteemed profession sensitive to its dignity. Journalists might turn round and say there are not fewer hirelings among ministers, and though all of them are stipendiaries, not many are qualified to call themselves scribes. In his public performances here as deputy minister, Mr. Thirumal Rao revelled in a cheap type of soap-box oratory. He did little good and excelled in discourtesy. The Southern India Journalists Federation should demand of him an apology for the discourtesy.

* * *

Mr. N. Chandrasekhara Ayyar left for Delhi last week to join the Bench of the Supreme Court. There was a grand send-off at the Central Station. It was a crowd the like of which is not generally seen, for it consisted of groups of people that had little in common with each other. He was the connecting link between persons of most dissimilar natures. His gift of affection brought together people that would not otherwise mix, and established them on a footing of friendship. He was in this way a great humanising force. His unassuming exterior masked an immense influence with men that count in the arts, in letters and in the business world. He had that ballast of humility which belongs to well-proportioned living and is a mark of true greatness since it enables one to perform with ease the most difficult of feats, taking success and prosperity naturally in one's stride. His naturalness was the secret of both his charm and strength. He is adored in many homes where his absence from the city will be keenly felt, notwithstanding rejoicing over the honour of his elevation to the highest judicial dignity in the land.
—SAKA.

A MADRAS DIARY

By CLIO

IT is generally accepted that, while the English are saturnine, the Indians are ebullient. This may explain why the weather has not become the sole topic of conversation among us, as it is alleged that it is in Britain. We have certainly tended to take the weather for granted. Nevertheless the drought in the recent years has made us more sensitive. Therefore it is that the weather forecasts, published in the daily press, are studied with more than common interest. It is clear that the authorities of the Observatory are as useful a group of Government servants as can be met with anywhere.

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Nevertheless, some of their terms are unhelpful. For example, when they prophesy "fair" weather, they do not anticipate a genial, balmy, and soothing day. They expect solely the absence of rain. It is curious that, living as they do in an area which has been ravening for rain for the last three years, they should talk of its absence as indicating "fairness." Many a time has an unwary citizen, being promised a "fair" day, found himself blistered by heat.

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The authorities, in fact, appear to have an instinctive dislike of rain, which may be an occupational disease. Never has one found them full-bloodedly forecasting heavy and overpowering rains. The utmost they can bring themselves to anticipate is a "few showers." They were unenthusiastic when one night last week it

rained over three and a half inches. On the other hand, they have been pertinacious in administering to Malabar and South Kanara warnings of "very heavy rainfall."

* * *

A new form of political activity has apparently sprung up in our midst. Some earnest souls have dedicated themselves to the task of writing the slogans of their party on walls. What attracts attention to these performances is not the slogans themselves, which are absolutely obvious and needed no saying at all, but the amount of labour involved in producing them. To write about thirty letters, each more than a yard in size, presumably at dead of night, argues uncommon devotion to party principles. Madras rejoices that some of its citizens are so sincerely political-minded. It was, however, unfortunate that these passionate souls reckoned without the heavy rains that fell last week. The enormous labour expended was swept away in a trice; such is the cruelty of nature.

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It is unfortunate that there should be no genuine second-hand bookshops in the city. No one who has had dealings in the Moore Market will accept that the prices there are at all moderate. The booksellers there have undoubtedly their reasons, but, it cannot be said that the Moore Market contains second-hand bookshops in more than a formal sense. A well-known firm in Mount Road is making available some books at reduced prices. But their range is narrow. What is required is the type of shops to be found on the pavements of Pycrofts Road. The prices there are undeniably fair. But, here again, the books available are often no more than magazines, pamphlets, or school text-books. If there should be combined in one shop the cheapness of the latter and the wide range of books in the Moore Market, the poor scholar will rejoice, or at least be relieved of anxiety.

IMPRESSIONS OF NASIK CONGRESS

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

THERE is a story of the fort of Singhad of which the gate served as model for the gate of Gandhinagar at Nasik. One night Shivaji was playing with his mother a game of chess on a wager. The mother won the game and asked her brave son to give her the fort of Singhad as her prize before next morning. Even Shivaji quailed at the undertaking but with his usual resourcefulness he stormed the fort at night with the help of his bravest general Tanaji. The fort fell to him after a bitter attack by Tanaji but Tanaji was found dead at the hour of victory at the gate of Singhad.

In like manner Nehru has stormed the fort of Gandhinagar and won it in a most spectacular manner. Will his victory be as costly as Shivaji's?

Excluding his Delhi statement and his concluding address at Nasik, he made four speeches in the Congress. The first of them was made in English in the Subjects Committee on foreign policy, since Pant was pitifully unconvincing on the subject. But he slurred over the controversial questions of Kashmir and Pakistan while he dwelt at length on the recognition of Red China on which nobody there had any disagreement with him at all, probably with an eye on the foreign press. This however led to an unexpectedly funny result when a day after, the U. N. O. summarily rejected the Indian proposal to seat Red China on the Security Council. The Pandit had to make a detour in his speech on communalism in the open session to comment on this piece of news.

His English speech however proved to be the least important of his speeches. It was his three Hindi speeches on communalism and the Indo-Pak problem that really led to his victory at Nasik. Though they varied in their technique considerably, their keynote was the same. He bluntly put the same question to the Congress in all his three speeches, to wit, whether they wanted him to remain Premier. If they did they could have him only on his terms, namely, accepting without question his Indo-Pak policy. The Congress could not afford to lose Nehru's leadership, or more precisely his name for electio-

neering. So they voted for his resolution. Nehru is only too conscious of this and that is why in spite of all the fanfare he has chosen to keep quiet and once again lay down to the already cowed President conditions for his joining the Working Committee.

All this tale of Nehru bearding the President is meaningless. An incident in Gandhinagar of which I was an eye witness was revealing. As usual the darling of the crowds came standing in an open car one evening at the end of a Subjects Committee session. He drove to the Reception Committee office and from there he walked back to the gate of Gandhinagar chased by admiring crowds and guarded by breathless volunteers. Tandon who came in his car a little behind could not pass on because of these crowds, very few among whom even recognised him or cheered him. It was clear that he had not cared to travel or make contacts south of the Vindhyas. One can admire Tandon's powers of endurance at his age, his integrity, his kingly way of conducting an assembly and all that. But he is not the coming man to stand up to the Congress bosses or put new life into the Congress.

As I sat throughout the sessions of the Subjects Committee I was wondering whether most members came to witness a tamasha. Most of them tried to go out after hearing Nehru's speech without waiting to hear the amendments at all. Many of them voted neither way in the course of the proceedings.

Some of the old guard have become hopelessly infirm. A typical example of this was Pant whose quaking hands and throbbing voice were obtrusively evident each time the bosses asked him to propose the foreign policy resolution. Sardar's silence was as much due to his mounting age as to his lack of interest. This Congress made it distressingly evident that there is no second line of leaders in the Congress.

Many who joined Kripalani's new group seem to be bent upon using it as a weapon in the Prime Minister's hands in his intra-party bouts. And the men who had egged on the Acharya to stand simply as Nehru's candidate seem to be very much in the group. The pity of it all is that Nehru, starting late in life as a party organiser, has entrusted the work to not very scrupulous manipulators who may in time bring him down to the very level of those whom he wants to fight with their own weapons. The Nehru-Patil exchange on extremely irrelevant occasions was a pointer in this direction.

TRAVELLING ART EXHIBITIONS IN U.S.A.

THE American Association of University Women (AAUW) sponsors exhibitions of the work of living artists in communities throughout the United States. During the past 10 years, 40 exhibitions have been circulated in 400 communities in 45 states, attracting a total of almost 1,500,000 persons.

The exhibitions contain works by artists from the United States and other countries. Included are oil paintings, water colours, ceramics, photographs, and sculpture. They are planned particularly for smaller towns that have no museum or art center. Nearly three-fourths of the showings have been in towns with populations of less than 25,000. Last year the exhibits were shown in 112 communities to 150,000 persons.

Works in the travelling exhibitions include those owned by the AAUW itself and those loaned by artists, dealers, collectors, schools, and museums.

In addition to these travelling exhibitions, AAUW branches throughout the United States also have assembled in various communities exhibits of the works of local artists, collections of children's drawings, portraits and landscapes, and work in the crafts. There were 154 of these local showings last year, attended by almost 130,000 persons.

The AAUW exhibits have stimulated the growth of such community projects as adult education art classes, workshops, scholarships for art students, gifts of new art books for public libraries, art instruction in schools, and new art centres and museums.

THIS FOOD FIASCO: DANGER SIGNAL AHEAD

By ALOKE SEN

"There is no wealth but life....including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings."—RUSKIN.

THE night was ablaze. Pots and tubs hanging young plants, flowering trees, ivy creepers all were weighed down with bulbs many-coloured, red and green, yellow and blue.

Petromax lamps were burning, giving a kind of splendour to familiar, common objects. Neons were bright overhead with their bluish gleam reflecting strangely on and transforming almost to ghostliness the plumpy, painted faces of the ladies of fashion.

It was Ratendon Road, New Delhi's newly-designed officers' colony. The night was gala for the banquet in celebration and commemoration of a recent wedding of a nephew of one among its civilians.

The hour was 8-30. Goaded by tobacco-smoke I was strolling outside on the gravelled drive awaiting my call at the table.

Of a sudden, the sound of soft padding of feet came and as I glanced up three shadows of human beings of the saddest description went past me and stood at the door imploring for some food to eat. They were the same ill-kempt beggars from the South that roam the streets of the capital, looked down upon by its citizens as rank weeds in their transparent stream of life.

Yet their hesitant and timid steps seemed something unusual, out of the ordinary. I looked on, interested.

The inevitable happened. A gentleman dashed out with a naughty smile on his bud-like mouth and fell upon them.

His manners were jeering. But to the poor hungry souls it appeared like a command to withdraw outside and then—then once outside, the gentleman will surely see something given to them to eat.

So they retraced. And no sooner those bundles of bones stepped outside the sacred precincts than the gentleman held firm the gate and waving his arms said in a strident voice raised angrily: "Popo, Popo", evidently the only Tamil word he knew.

Rebuffed they stood looking in a desolate manner and the imprint of dazed bewilderment on their faces would have touched any man's heart.

Advancing toward the gate I beckoned the man among them to follow me to the confectioner's on the side-walk across the road. He stumbled down the path, holding his stomach, doubled over with delight, followed by his wife and son.

When they had settled down to eat I asked the man his name and whereabouts. There shone a smile of gratitude but no answer. I repeated the question once again.

And then at last as if the floodgates of his feelings were let loose and for full thirty minutes I listened to something that left me stupefied with wonder, grief and resentment, the tearful tale of destitution and death that the so-called scarcity of food had brought upon a little family in a remote corner of Madras State.

The man introduced himself in a broken, husky voice. "My name is Ganapathi. Ganapathi Velu. I am from Ramnad, Madras. I have left the place three weeks past. This is my wife and son, the only child spared among the three I had."

He spoke in an incoherent, abrupt fashion but it had in it such a ring of sincerity that made me put faith in him. I inquired if he had not eaten anything throughout the day.

"Nothing", he replied.

"Nor have you any clothes?"

"All I have are in these two bags". He raised his finger to two gunny bags lying beside him.

So we went on conversing. In the following lines I reproduce Ganapathi Velu's story as he told it to me.

"Mine was a family of five members. During my father's life-time we were well-to-do and enjoyed some influence in the area. He had a big grain shop at Ramnad and some land too.

"After his death all things were divided up among us four brothers. The grain shop was sold and I with my share of money opened a little store in my native village. A patch of land also remained with me which I managed to plough myself.

"With the dawn I rushed to work to my land behind the zemindar's farmhouse, clustered all round by banyans. Then I used to walk by the path along the stream and open my little store. That looks so long ago."

A deep sigh seemed to fill the entire room. My breath seemed to catch my throat, and without knowing that I spoke, I exclaimed softly "....yes.... well....life is long."

I looked deep into his eyes and he began to speak again. As if in a reverie he recalled his home, his dead children, his Ramnad. The memories of the days left behind appeared to take him back to the old surroundings, a sheaf out of a melancholy past, mingled with tears and travails of the work-a-day life.

"Then the crisis came five years ago," he continued. "Prices of food grains rose high."

I remembered the grim famine conditions of 1945 five years back. That was the year when hungry folk from the South were seen moving in Delhi in numbers. The bulk of them had gone back or perhaps dispersed themselves in the neighbouring towns. But many had stayed.

Ganapathi was referring to that dreadful year. I urged him to continue.

He continued: "I had to pawn my land to the village zemindar to purchase provisions for my store. That loan has remained ever since. And now comes this.

"From the start of July this year rice began to come in very niggardly fashion to our ration shop. Once we were given half of the usual quantity and then one and two pollums of rice before they ceased to give completely.

"In the black-market rice was selling at Rs. 50 per maund. There remained no other way open but to go and make purchase therefrom. The owner of the ration shop assured us that if July passed anyhow, supply was certain to come in August. July passed, and August came and still we waited.

"By the first week of August I was spent up to my last piçe. My store was empty but there was no money left to replenish it.

"People who generally took articles in credit had no money then to pay me the sums they owed. The store had to be closed and abandoned.

"Then on the 9th of last month I took a few rupees from the zemindar and for the first time took home some flour of barley and millet from the ration shop as that had arrived then. Bread of that flour became our meal ever since."

At this point Ganapathi broke off for a few minutes. Then he looked at me in silence, with two fire holes in his face. Perhaps I read his thoughts.

Again he resumed his yarn, now unasked by me.

"It happened on the 29th, exactly after twenty days of that cursed bread-eating, that my only daughter, a child of six years, died of blood-dysentery. Just at this time of grief my store was auctioned by the zemindar for the few rupees I borrowed from him to purchase that evil ration of flour.

"A day later my second son next to this, Coomaraswamy, also died of the same disease," he said pointing to the dark-skinned boy piling food in eagerly.

"This boy Coomar was also falling in the grip of the same disease. He was the only child left to me. I went desperate. On that night of 30th I resolved to leave Ramnad, the only place that I knew in this world. Somehow I felt if I continued to live on there, I shall lose Coomar too.

"I and my wife made no pretence of sleeping but talked the night long of the two children that had gone. And the minutes and hours dragged by, and at last the darkness was suffused with the ashy light of dawn and we the three creatures with these two bags containing clothes left the place of our birth.

"There was nothing to be hoped from Ramnad. In twenty days I had been at Vijayawada, Hyderabad, Nagpur and Agra.

"At Agra a kind-hearted railway porter gave me our fares up to New Delhi and told me that I might soon find a job to make our living. So I am here but could not find anything in these two days. We are living practically without food since, three weeks ago on my son's death, we ceased to take that flour. Now we have decided to finish our lives, too ...." There was no more word spoken. The end had come. His life was over. I read that in his face.

I could see the man sitting as rigid as though he were made of bronze. Before my eyes shot up the picture of a man battered and bruised, his eyes red, his face nothing but jagged bone, sucked out of all his resistance. A starving wreck.

We filed outside the restaurant. The earth was coolish from the sharp showers of the evening. It smelled of life, rich pungent smells of life ever being created. Across the road in the bungalow there was feasting and possibly spilling down of Carew products on the floor. Outside around me were people fasting and fasting to death.

What answer our Food Ministers have for Ganapathi for the death of his two young children? Will a fond father's heart be consoled that they died of "Malnutrition"?

Hunger, hunger has whipped Ganapathi with his wife and son to wander over a thousand of miles from his home in Ramnad to a town steeped in snobbery, a town more foreign to us than foreigners.

I do not know how many more Ganapathis there are, wrenched from their homes, in fierce quest for food, in their vain desire to forget the horrid spectacle of their dying children.

Are the people of this land deemed to suffer the dull ache at the pit of their stomach for ever, eternally? Are they to live as destitutes, shunned and mocked by their fellow cosmopolitans, starved and tortured to their dying day? Shall there never to be a moment of comfort or contentment?

What people desire is not paragraphs in constitutions, but results, in shape of arrangements which ensure them relief from this pain of hunger.

If the interpretation given to freedom reduces it to airy nothings, they will not stand by it against an alternative creed that is always on the look-out to seize the vacant throne.

Should Communism—it will be called, of course, not Communism, but True Democracy—ever arrive in this country, it will be established, not by the tyranny of a ruthless minority, but as an escape from misery for an apathetic majority, so deadened by shams and rags as to yield to any regime which lures them with promises of a bearable life.

It is the method of **Punch** always to avoid vital spots, to go round, searching for humour and whimsicalities, provided they are safely to be found in the sphere of triviality; when **Punch** desires to be serious it is merely solemn and dull. **Punch** represents the search for amusement of those whose main anxiety it is to avoid penetrating to the real facts of life, the recreations of a melancholy man who refuses to be serious. But the French artists are always serious. So far from wishing to avoid vital spots, it is at such points that they directly aim. All their skill is here; all their comic effect lies precisely in the surprise of audacity with which they succeed in penetrating to some intimate fact of life. This seriousness—this precision and courage in finding the sensitive spots of life and penetrating deep—is reflected in the French artist's mastery of line which in its precision and daring is the exact technical embodiment of the French moral spirit. It is noteworthy that the power of line is lacking in English artists save the greatest.—**HAVELOCK ELLIS.**

Letters To The Editor

This section is offered to readers for free discussion on subjects of interest to them. Letters should be brief and typewritten.

Quest For 'Hidden Kritis'

T. S. P.'s views in SWATANTRA on the recent propaganda to unearth Sri Thyagayya's 'hidden Kritis,' should commend wide acceptance. The other day, Sri Ariyakudi Ramanuja Ayyangar pleaded earnestly at the Perambur Sangeetha Sabha, for the resuscitation and revival of top ranking 'Kritis' of top-ranking composers like Puchi Ayyangar and Anai Ayyarval which, owing to certain fissiparous tendencies at present, stand in immediate danger of being relegated to oblivion. Rightly enough, he characterised the modern trend to create Kirthanams by all and sundry, as 'POKKIRITHANAM,' which in Tamil means vagabondism. That, in the ultimate result, classical pieces like those of Ramnad Srinivasa Iyengar and Anai Ayyar, (aye, even of Sri Thyagayya) would go into desuetude is perhaps inevitable and Sri Ayyangar's condemnation has not come a day too soon. Some enthusiasts have however set about the task of unearthing the hidden Kritis of Sri Thyagayya, and dress them up in a new shape or even a new raga. Theirs is no doubt a laudable venture, but certain unhealthy traditions which are creeping into our musical repertoire, cannot go unchecked. Quite a number of spurious tunes are now passing muster as being of the Great master's, although of course they can never reach the musical height and sublimity of what we may style as the genuine Sri Thyagayya brand. Added to it is the fact that almost imperceptibly yet surely, we are drifting away from the old authentic and time-honoured traditions whilst rendering Sri Thyagayya's Kritis. The craze for replacing recondite graces by new-fangled and simpler varieties, is also another evil which we should endeavour to avoid. As against the need to approximate to the orthodox method of rendering Kritis, the move to have the new sahityas of Sri Thyagayya unearthed and clothed in a new (and may be apocryphal) form or raga, assumes a comparatively minor importance. The paramount need of the hour is, however, to weed out spurious imitations and uncalled for flourishes in recognised Kritis so that we can reap a clean harvest of Sri Thyagayya's music; it is certainly unwise at this juncture to import more items of doubtful nativity both as to text and music, which will be making confusion worse confounded. If composing music to order is Pokkirithanam (for real music is inspired and only Vaggeyakars can attempt it), how is it any the less different if we are asked to invent a new music form to a new, so-called unearthed Thyagayya's sahityam? Sri Thyagayya need not shine in borrowed feathers. The unquestionably genuine ones which luckily we have now on hand, are quite enough to afford us inspiration and happiness although we owe it to ourselves and to the great master to keep up this precious musical heritage undimmed and in all its pristine glory. Our present stock of Sri Thyagayya's sahityams is by no means inconsiderable and our only endeavour ought to be to preserve the traditional styles and 'sampradaya,' although we have failed so far to keep recorded excerpts of some of our departed music giants. Even the Madras A. I. R. orchestra which retails superb music, literally, goes off the air.

As regards the new (hidden) Kritis, this much has to be said. We cannot improvise apurva ragas for the purpose; and of the well known ragas, we can at best nibble here and there, making altogether a weird combination of acoustics,—which will certainly be a set-back to accepted standards of Carnatic music. Another important circumstance has to be borne in mind. In addition to purifying the existing as well as the known list of Sri Thyagayya's Kritis by excluding the spurious imitations, musicians, especially those graduating from recognised institutions, should be required to render the accepted text correctly, without blurring over or mutilating. Attention to correct text and pronounciation enhances the music effect considerably. In Carnataka Sangeetha, the words are not mere words but convey a profound, spiritual meaning: in fact, even in raga alapana, the usual words, 'Da Ra Na' are not haphazardly chosen but are the interposition of the words 'Na Ra Da,' the great sage and father of Carnatic music. There is as much inspiration in singing the text correctly and with a knowledge of its meaning as there is in rendering music forms in their appropriate style. The Tamil Isai movement got a stimulus because the majority of Carnatic musicians never cared to know the correct text as well as the meaning of the songs.

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Madras.

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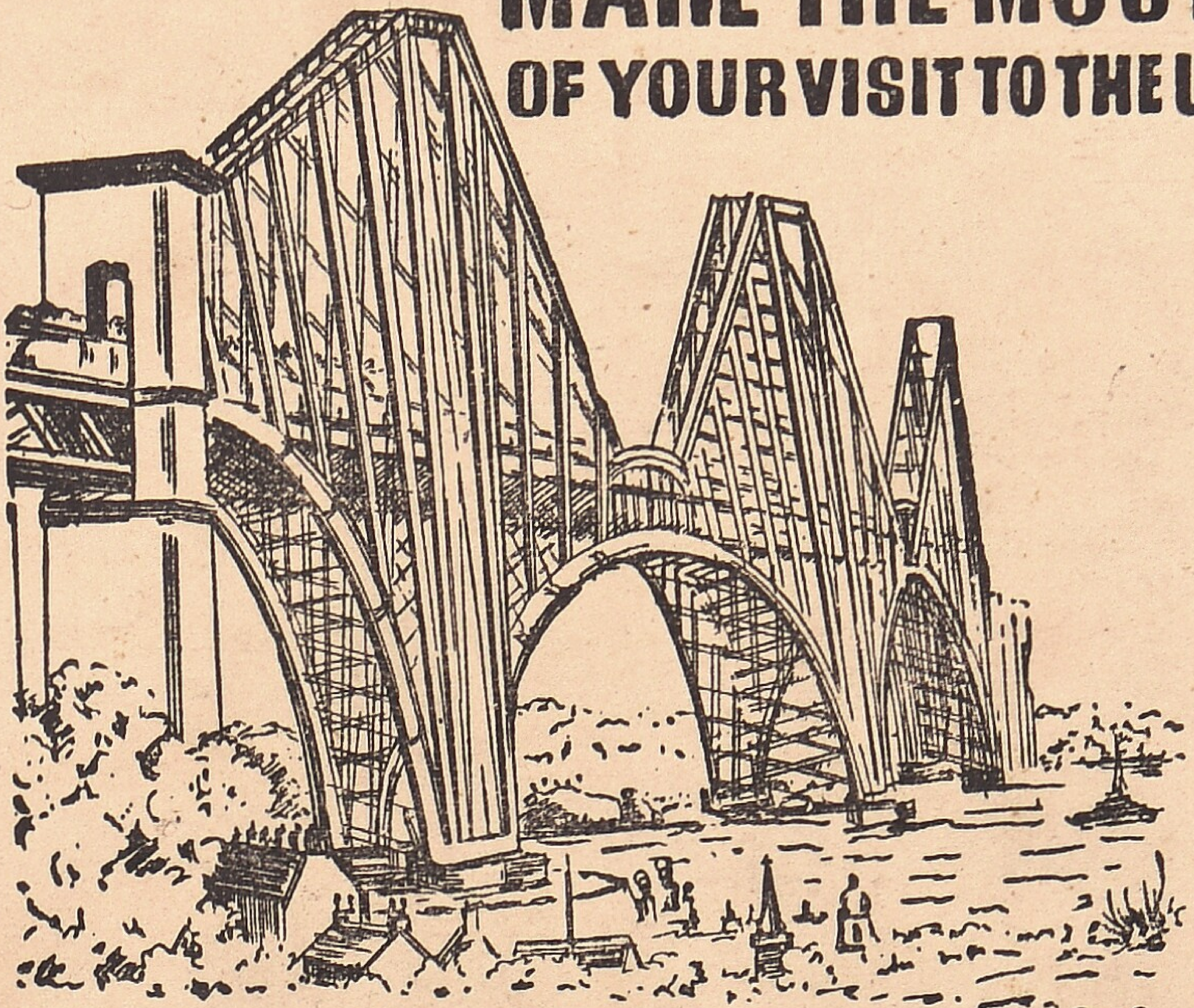

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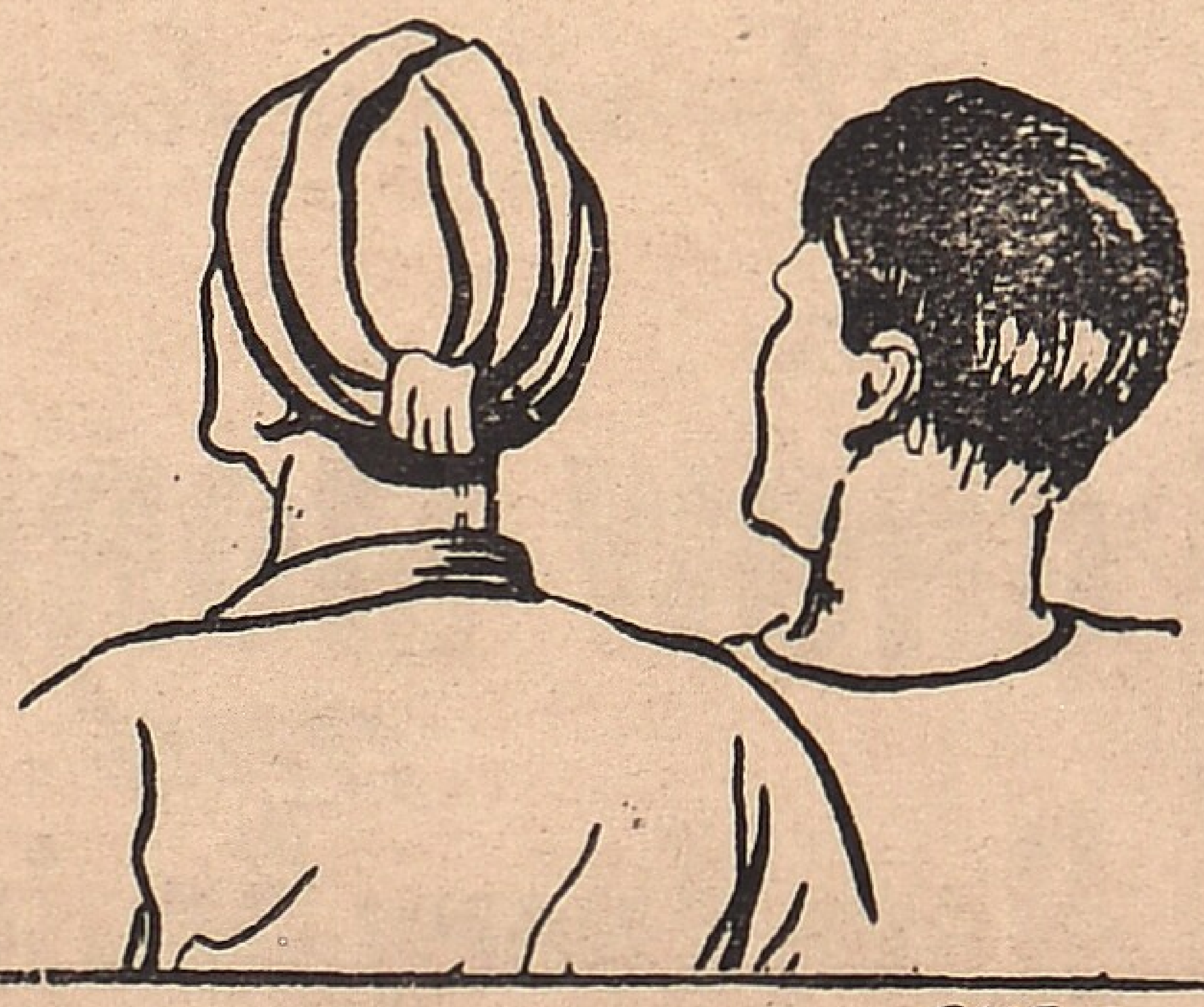

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